

EDINBURGH

PAST AND PRESENT



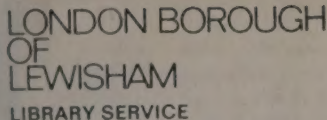
ASSOCIATIONS AND SURROUNDINGS

57

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Sage Bequest, 1906.



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD.

SIR,—A copy of *The Standard* is frequently sent to me in this sequestered part of the United Kingdom, and I read with much interest the able article which appeared in a recent number regarding the sale of Dr. Johnson's house at Lichfield; but it contains one mistake, which I trust you will permit me to rectify, more especially as it is one which has not made its first appearance in your journal, but has begun to spring up everywhere, and to take root even in Edinburgh, where one would imagine it could not possibly grow. I refer to the statement that John Knox's house in that city had been preserved. This is not the fact, for I remember distinctly seeing, and with deep regret, the genuine house in the course of demolition, and the present counterfeit erected on the site.

The original house was constructed of lath and plaster and the existing imitation is composed of stone and lime. This act of Vandalism occurred so recently that I feel surprised that it should already be forgotten, and that John Knox's house should still be included in the lists of places of interest in Edinburgh which strangers ought to go and see. I forget the year when the demolition occurred, but it was at the same time as the adjacent Free Kirk was built, and between thirty and forty years ago. Although a Scotchman, I am free to confess that my countrymen do not deserve to be held up as examples of how people should reverence great men and the places with which they have been associated, as the case of Knox will show. The place of his birth is disputed, and the house in which he lived and died was wantonly razed to the ground.

The precise spot in which his bones repose is unknown, although it is said to be somewhere in Parliament-square, and under the uplifted hoof of the leaden horse on which Charles II. sits in the guise of a Roman Emperor. No monument marks the grave of the great Reformer, and lawyers and their clients

Full prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained of the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors; or at the offices of the Com-
missioners, London, 1885.

have exhibited their white lead—a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition, 1885, and a silver medal at the International Inventions Exhibition, 1885.

article proved to be readily saleable at remunerative prices. It may also be added that Messrs. Condy have gained prize medals for their exhibits at the Glasgow Exhibition at which they

and with the plant the Directors propose to erect this Com-

manufactured in the country is made under this patent at a royalty of only 30s. or 40s. a ton.

depend of from 15 to 20 per cent. It only one-fifth of all the white lead

cent. on the present issue. This is independent entirely of any revenue from royalties, as to which it may fairly be expected that the Company ought to decide on additional profit by means of

the United Kingdom, it is estimated that this would realise an annual net profit of at least 20,000,000, equal to a dividend of 20 per

ESTIMATED DIVIDENDS.

CONDY'S WHITELEAD COMPANY (Limited).

the output can be very considerably increased by a small additional outlay. Premises have been secured admirably adapted for this

The Directors are advised that the working capital provided for by this issue will be amply sufficient to enable them to erect the necessary plant to manufacture about 100 tons per week, and that

shows that the lead is produced at considerably under the cost of the ordinary process.

sold to the best colour grinders, with the object of proving on a commercial scale the practical nature of the process and the superior quality of the white lead produced, and the results clearly

and at their works at Battersea for some time past, where they have been manufacturing and selling several tons a week (readily

white lead has to be handled. The actual manufacture of white lead has been carried on under Messrs. Condy's personal supervision.

whereas by the ordinary mode of manufacture at every stage the

the entire waste of the acetic acid employed, is completely avoided.

2. The considerable increase in the ordinary prices of commodities amongst the ten estimated at about 6 per cent., and by

described in the leading chemical works.

that can be made, with covering properties that have been found to be superior to those of the pure components, and of the pure components, and of the pure components.

3. The uncertainty in composition which white lead made by the

entirely freed, at considerable expense, from all impurities. Old lead is about 6 per cent. cheaper to buy than the refined lead.

the other it is necessary to buy a test good quality of lead, which is

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acquired in dealing with letters, acts as if every newspaper it carries were a private communication from the editor of the paper to his particular customer. It insists that each copy of the paper must be wrapped in a separate wrapper and legibly addressed to the particular person whom the editor favours with his condolences. All this takes time—time at an hour of the night when every moment is precious. But that is only the beginning. Having secured all these private misdeeds, the Post Office carts them all to the G. P. O. and there solemnly sorts them with the same scrupulous care with which it sorts envelops concerned others of marriage or demands for money. It could not in fact do anything less, having made the initial blunder of attempting to distinguish one copy of a newspaper from another copy of the same edition of the same paper. On this point the course of the newspaper in its carefully-addressed wrapper is identical with the course of an ordinary letter. The only difference is just where the Post Office people assert that their loss comes in. Probably they are right, but in not realizing that the newspaper is not

Edward F. Sage
1878

EDINBURGH
PAST AND PRESENT

PRINTED BY THOMAS AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE,

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FOR

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THE OLD TOLBOOTH, 1820. (After Storer.)



Edinburgh Castle.



1844 NEWCASTLE PUBLISHED

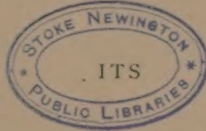
EDINBURGH: A GLIMPSE FROM THE WATER OF LEITH NEAR BONNINGTON

"THERE WATCHING HIGH THE LEAST ALARMS
THY BOUGH, RUDE, FORTRESS GLEAMS AFAR."

941 4455

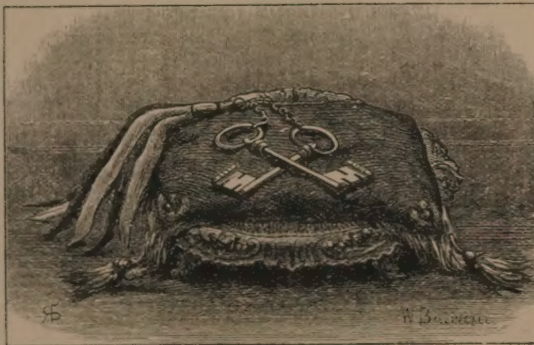
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ASSOCIATIONS, AND SURROUNDINGS

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KEYS OF THE CITY.

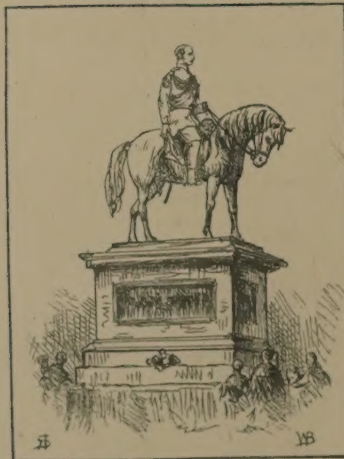
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1877

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ALBERT MEMORIAL.

'FOND TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED WORTH
THROUGH ALL THE ROLLING YEARS.'—PAGE 56.

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DEDICATION.

To the Citizens of Edinburgh
and to all who love its beauties and
its memories,
This Volume is inscribed.





BONALY TOWER.

PROFESSOR HODGSON has affixed to the front of Bonaly Tower a medallion portrait in bronze of Lord Cockburn, a duplicate of that which the eminent sculptor Sir John Steell executed for his Lordship's monument in the Dean Cemetery. The effigy, an excellent likeness, looks out to the hills which the original loved so well, and with which his memory will, it is hoped, be long associated.



THE SCOTTISH REGALIA

'Fair art thou, City, to the eye.
But fairer to the memory.'—ALEXANDER SMITH.

'The glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, or mysterious sympathy—even of approval or condemnation—which we feel in the walls that have been long washed by the passing waves of humanity.'—RUSKIN.

THE design of this Work is to illustrate the more notable features of Edinburgh, past and present—many of them hitherto undelineated; to sketch the general history of the City, including a glance at its celebrities; and to portray the scenery and traditions of its neighbourhood. The Volume also contains an outline of the geology of the district.

The Editor ventures to hope that this may serve as a memorial of the city of so many worthies and such interesting associations.

W. B.

EDINBURGH, *December 1876.*



THE SCOTTISH REGALIA



BAILLIE MACDORAN'S HOUSE.

THE rooms in which two splendid banquets were given by the City Corporation to King James VI., with his Queen, Anne of Denmark, and her brother, the Duke of Holstein. The panelled walls and ornamental ceiling remain in a very perfect condition. In the engraving at page 11 the entrance to the Baillie's house is seen in the inner court through the archway, while the projecting staircase in the foreground of the picture leads to the house in which David Hume commenced his History of England.

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Printed by J. Macdonald, Edinburgh.

ARTHUR'S SEAT FROM THE CALTON HILL. BURNS' MONUMENT IN THE FOREGROUND.
HOLYROOD PALACE AND CANONGATE IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF EDINBURGH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

THERE are various difficulties which press heavily upon a writer who ventures on such a task as the description of Edinburgh. There is the fact that it has been so often described before, and that, after a thousand able efforts to describe it, it remains, unless by Scott, undescribed and indescribable. There is the kindred fact that there are so many fine points of view, each of



BANK OF SCOTLAND.

which constitutes a beautiful fragment, but to piece all of which into a satisfactory whole—*hic labor hoc opus est!* To paint London is felt to be as impossible as to paint Chaos, but from the comparative smallness and compactness of Edinburgh it is always alluring the limner to try his hand on it—too often to his proper discomfiture and disgrace. It must, after all, be

by giving a series of dissolving views of various parts and points of prospect that we can hope, in the faintest approximation, to describe the Modern Athens.

It were superfluous to quote Scott's magnificent lines in the fourth canto of *Marmion*, closing with the words—

‘Where’s the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!’—

words to which O’Connell’s recitation, heard by 30,000 on the Calton Hill, in the September of 1835, seemed to give a new force and meaning, as though a ray of autumnal gold had been shed down upon them, and transfigured them in your sight. Less known than these, but hardly less beautiful, are those in the Introduction to the 5th canto of the Poem, contrasting the Edinburgh of the past with that of the present day :—

‘ . . . Caledonia’s Queen is changed,
Since on her dusky summit ranged,
Within its steepy limits pent,
By bulwark, line, and battlement,
And flanking towers, and laky flood,
Guarded and garrisoned she stood,
Denying entrance or resort,
Save at each tall embattled port. . . .
Stern then, and steel-girt, was thy brow,
Dun-Edin ! O, how altered now,
When safe amid thy mountain court
Thou sitst like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfined, and free,
FLINGING THY WHITE ARMS TO THE SEA,
For thy dark cloud, with umbered lower
That hung o’er cliff, and lake, and tower,
Thou gleam’st against the western ray
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.’

In the 5th canto we have a gleam of Edinburgh by night :—

‘ You might have heard a pebble fall,
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owlet flap his boding wing,
On Giles’s steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky
Were here wrapt deep in shade ;

There on their brows the moonbeam broke,
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,
And on the casements played,
And other light was none to see,
Save torches gliding far.'

We need here but allude to his prose touches of description—rapid and decisive—of the view of the Firth of Forth and the northern part of Edinburgh, in *Guy Mannering*, and of the city as seen in the morning from Salisbury Crags, in the *Heart of Midlothian*. Yet, with the exception of the first-mentioned splendid burst in *Marmion*, it is curious that Sir Walter Scott has painted no scene in or about or near Edinburgh with half such a powerful pencil as he has, in *Rob Roy*, the Cathedral and its environments in the ancient city of St. Mungo—a passage we have always considered as among the most sublime and suggestive pictures Scott ever drew, and as ranking among the first masterpieces of descriptive composition in the world. Scott, indeed, as a native of Edinburgh, could never have looked at it with the same fresh and new enthusiasm with which it has been beheld by many strangers seeing it for the first time. Haydon's exclamation when he saw it first was, 'Tis a giant's dream!' And such is the feeling of many who never dared to use the words. It seemed as if it had been built to some unearthly music, or after a model suspended in the clouds, and formed by the hands of Air and Sunshine. Stone and Rock seemed here moulded into the express image of Genius, and Nature and Art were apparently reconciled. Religion, too, had hung up toward the glowing west the dome of St. George's, as if challenging the whole proud city as her own. And the marriage of man's perfect work and of God's ideal of beauty and grandeur had for witnesses the everlasting hills—Arthur's Seat and the rest—seeming guardians, too, over a dream city, and fixing what otherwise, like dreams, seemed ready to vanish away. We believe that in these words and images we have not exaggerated the feelings wherewith young imaginative minds were filled to ecstatic confusion on their first visit to Edinburgh. There was at first all the delight and delirium of a dream; nor did the disenchantment come soon, even after the bewildering whole had been resolved into its component parts. The fragments, like those of a cloud, were as aerial as the cloud itself.

From Arthur's Seat Edinburgh rather dwindles and is drowned in the midst of its environments—the blue shores and indented hills of Fife; the ocean stretching eastwards to enfold the Bass Rock and North Berwick Law; the garden-land toward Berwick, dotted with little hills and half encircled by

the Lammermoor range as by an arm : the Pentlands storming against the western sky, while

‘ Northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.’

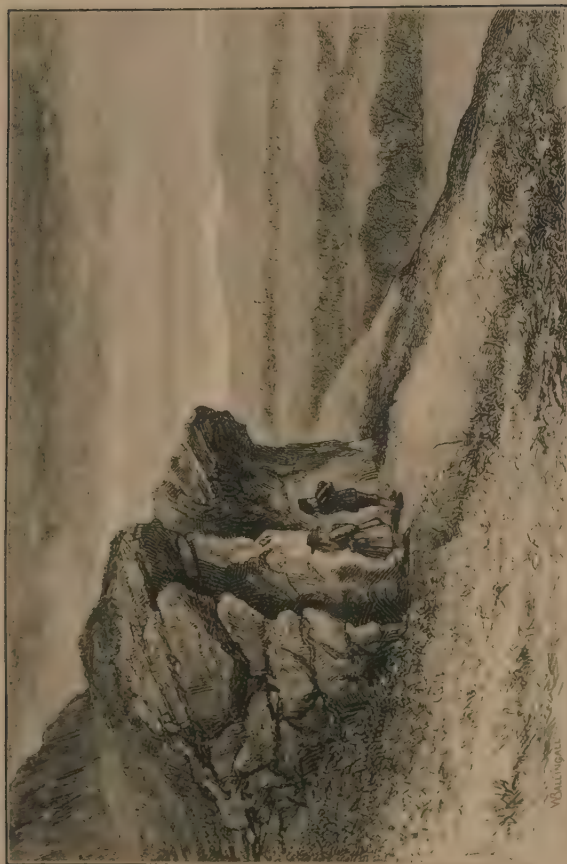
From Salisbury Crags—. But here we must quote Scott:—‘If I were to choose a spot from which the rising and the setting sun could be seen to the greatest advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semicircular rocks called Salisbury Crags, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh. This prospect in its general outline commands a close-built, high-piled city, stretching itself out beneath in a form which to a romantic imagination may be supposed to represent that of a dragon. Now a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains, and now a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill and dale and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pentland mountains. But as the path gently circles around the base of the cliff, the prospect, composed as it is of those enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with or divided from each other in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery so beautiful yet so varied, so exciting by its intricacy and yet so sublime, is lighted up by the tints of morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth exchanged with partial brilliancy which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes, the effect approaches near to enchantment.’

And such enchantment we had once the privilege of partaking to almost a painful degree, while watching, long long ago, from that spot the ruined splendour of an early autumn eve, with its black promontories plunging into seas of gold, the rapid shiftings of cloudy shapes, the aerial mimicry of the scenes below visible in the heavens, blue Grampians and white Alps piled up and pulled down in a moment of time, rocks of ragged aspect tumbling into lakes of molten silver; animal and fish-like forms arising and changing into each other as if Evolution (one might say now) were going on before your sight, and every kind of common colour flushing into gold, as if the Projection of Alchemy were taking place in the open furnace of the heavens, the sun sinking out of the view of this ‘agony of glory,’ but sending up his last beams to see the end, and a stern, grey twilight casting a shroud over the deathbed



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DETACHED ROCK, SALISBURY CRAGS.



THE ECHOING ROCK, QUEEN'S PARK.

and the memory of the day. Southwards, over the Echoing Rock and Samson's Ribs, the eye rests on old Craigmillar Castle.

Amidst all this, the city, though glowing in purple and crimson, with grand pinnacles of splendour, standing up above brown hollows and mystic shadows, might not be greatly regarded, but still it was something to remember that 'like some sweet beguiling melody, so sweet we know not we are listening to it,' it was there as the base and solid centre of the fairy-seeming vision.

Different tastes have differently estimated the comparative beauty of the two prospects, both transcendent, from the Calton Hill and the Castle. Besides the view from the former, of Leith, the ocean and its far-stretching and embayed shores, the two finest points are, first, the view of Arthur's Seat and the 'giant-snouted crags' of Salisbury, brought out across the deep valley into such bold and startling relief; and secondly, the peep westward of



THE MOUND.

what Thomas Aird calls the 'backbone of the Castlehill,' with those lofty and close-piled houses, churches, spires, and public buildings, which might be compared to the black mane of a thunder-cloud, hanging with a frown so dark and portentous over the fair gardens, Scott's Monument, and 'merry Princes Street' below! There are here a depth and a contrast of light and shade, glory and gloom, the most refined Art of the present and the

most massive Architecture of the past, which all pronounce wonderful, and many consider unrivalled.

On the other hand, there are those who are far more deeply in love with the prospect from the Castlehill, and can render reasons for their partiality. The view, in the first place, is much freer, higher, and more expansive. Half Scotland stretches around ; on the south, the blue bulk of the Pentlands ; on the north, the green, gnarled, round-headed Ochils, with the Firth flowing between, as if to soothe the wound which made these ridges twain ; and on the extreme far north-west, the hills of Rob Roy's country, Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, Ben Voirlach, and the rest, lifting up their kingly foreheads. Fife, less bold and ambitious, yet attracts and fixes the gaze by the loveliness of its low and leaning shores. Seaward, every picturesque point and coigne of vantage, Inchkeith, the Bass and North Berwick Law, is strongly protruded, as well as clearly seen, and Leith and its neighbourhood come out so distinctly that you can feel as well as pronounce the words—

‘ The boat rocks at the pier o’ Leith,
Fu’ loud the wind blows frae the Ferry.’

Eastward, the Lion of Arthur's Seat looks most leonine—assuming here too a peculiarly proud, self-conscious, watchful look, as if he were Spenser's lion guarding Edinburgh as his favourite ward, his Una, and Salisbury Crag seems a promontory overhanging an unseen and ideal ocean. Nowhere else can you see so well the contrast between the character of the two towns—the Old and the New,—the latter gay, glittering, like a Section of Paris as seen from Notre Dame, smiling as if there were no such things as Death and Change in the universe—saying, ‘I sit a Queen, and am no widow ;’ the other with the shadow of a thousand sad memories, mingling with the light of other days upon it, sombre, sublime, silent in its age—truly what Wordsworth calls it—

‘ Stately Edinburgh, throned on crags.’

And the valley which separates the one from the other is different from and superior to both,—a gulf fixed, but a glorious one, with the Bridges and the Mound crossing and cheering and peopling the chasm ! In the very centre of it rises Scott's Monument, an emblem of his wide and catholic genius, binding together present and perished ages. Beautiful exceedingly this in the grey morning, in the garish noonday, and in the golden evening, but it reaches the character of sublimity when seen in the summer afternoon, as a

great thunderstorm is advancing from the west, to steep it in darkness and in fire, and by the eye of the young enthusiast which turns to it from the volcanic pages of the *Revolt of Islam* he is reading on the Half-moon Battery, where occur the lines—

‘As when some great Painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.’

Often have attempts been made to picture the Bridge by night, with those enormous masses of building on the south—illuminated by countless



twinkling lamps, which only make the darkness visible,—and with that great gulf already alluded to, between two cities, or worlds, beaming with lights, as with shining stepping-stones across,—lights which at once enliven and measure its tremendous depth, and which might remind a fanciful imagination of those

bright bubbles which arise when a stone disturbs the dark rivers of Africa, and reveal their profundity. But finer than this is the aspect of the city, especially of the Old Town, sleeping in the pale moonbeam, the steady weathercocks and steeples, and churches 'steeped in silentness,' the leagues of light contrasted with the long black massive shadows, the hills with the pillow of their repose softened and rounded by the 'holier day' which is in its turn sleeping upon them,—the statues of the mighty in the squares looking supernaturally large and awful in the weird light, and the sounds of solitary footsteps in distant streets, breaking the stillness with a far unearthly shock of sound—the scene altogether so wild and fair

'You scarce would start to meet a spirit there,'

and can easily imagine that the City of Palaces has become the City of the Dead, and that you are one of the few 'last men,' who are surviving the catastrophe.

We had not the pleasure of seeing this great city set on fire, burning with the loyalty of the 10th of March 1863, and as it were transfigured in the gush of its self-kindled glory, nor had we the still greater luxury of witnessing its environs or itself on the memorable day of the Volunteer Review in August 1860, nor the unveiling of the Albert Memorial on the 17th of August 1876. But twice we have seen Edinburgh on an occasion and in an aspect worthy of itself. Once was, as already alluded to, when in September 1835 Daniel O'Connell appeared on the Calton Hill. Never can we forget, or cease often to remember, the glorious autumn day, the multitude assembled from every part of the kingdom, the appearance of the orator and Member for all Ireland, then turned sixty years of age, with his tall broad figure, his keen crafty eye, his head concealed by a green cap with a golden binding, the rich deep mellow tones of his voice, the careless grandeur of his diction, the ease and power of the conversational manner he adopted, the blended refinement and coarseness of his speaking—no poetry finer, no sarcasm or invective fouler than that which came alternately from his lips,—the inspired fervour of his pantomime, which, seen by thousands who could not hear a syllable he uttered, yet told like the play of distant lightning, the silence of his auditory, and at the close the deep sigh which broke from 30,000 hearts, when what seemed a strain of matchless melody descending from the lofty platform, or rather from the air above it, came to a close! Never did that familiar scene appear so beautiful as on that day; it seemed as if it too were welcoming by its sweetest smiles and most gorgeous array the great

stranger who had come to visit it 'in Erin's yellow vesture clad,' and in bearing 'every inch a king.'

The second time was when, in 1842, we saw the young Prince Albert and Victoria riding up from Holyrood to the Castle. Then too Nature was propitious, and her smile mingled with those of tens of thousands of the loyal and leal-hearted of the land, at the sight of the princely pair in 'the day of their espousals, and in the day of the gladness of their heart.' Nor did any prophetic whisper then darken or disturb the general and enthusiastic joy. Surely it was one of the proudest and most magnificent days that our Scottish metropolis ever saw—and she looked that morning as if she herself felt that it was.



OLD INFIRMARY TOWER.



OLD DOORWAY, HIGH SCHOOL WYND.



CHURCH OF THE WEST BOW

NEW YORK, N. Y. 1882

THE OLD TOWN :

ITS REMARKABLE FEATURES AND HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES,
INCLUDING A GLANCE AT THE CELEBRITIES OF THE CITY.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

IN a former chapter we described Edinburgh in a general way—in its *tout ensemble* and bold outstanding aspects. We come now to speak of some of the remarkable features of the Old Town, its picturesque points and historical reminiscences, including a glance at some of the celebrities of the city.



MIDDLE'S COURT.

It is told of George Crabbe the poet, that while admiring the New Town he greatly preferred the Old. The one he would have been content with worshipping afar off, but he delighted to explore and lose himself in the

intricacies and associations of the other. Even now, although many changes have occurred since his day, and more are rapidly occurring, it is still possible to throw yourself back into the 'Foreworld,' and to dream your delightful way through the old courts and streets which, though dim and dusky with years, are burnished and gilded, as it were, with memories, and illuminated by

'The light which never was on sea or shore.'

In our early days, at all events, a thousand histories were round us as we walked or rather loitered on through regions where to loiter was still possible to all and inevitable to some; and where we were waylaid at every step by the ghosts of Knox and Murray and Mary, and James IV. and George Buchanan, and Rizzio and Darnley, and Andrew Melville and Henderson of Leuchars, and Argyll and Montrose, and Jenny Geddes and Samuel Rutherford, and Fletcher of Saltoun, and Principal Robertson and Hugh Blair, and Robert Burns and William Smellie, and David Hume, and a hundred more of actual historical characters, as well as by the 'shadows of shades'—the *simulacra* of fictitious creatures, of Waverley and Fergus Mac-Ivor and the Baron of Bradwardine, and Jeanie Deans and David Deans, and Sir George Staunton and Madge Wildfire, and Dandie Dinmont and Colonel Mannering and Councillor Pleydell, and Peter Peebles and Saunders Fairford, and the others with which Scott has replenished the Old Town, till, between life-like dreams and dream-like realities, it is the most crowded city in the world!

Apart from the Old Town as a 'populous solitude' of beings and characters, fictitious or real, it has many elements of interest, internal and external, peculiar to itself. To it belongs that feature alluded to in our former paper, and which Thomas Aird thus beautifully, and in his own best descriptive manner, characterises. 'The New Town,' he says, 'is surpassingly fair, but there is far too much regularity, division, and dissipation of effect about it for commanding greatness. The only vast and overawing feature of the city is the backbone of the Old Town from the Castle to Holyrood, seen from the Calton, with all its evening lights, or in the smokeless air of the clear morning. Such a far grasping of the most irregular and daring piles in every form of jags in the enormous spine is absolutely tremendous.' How finely he adds, too, in reference to Arthur's Seat:—'I have seen no hill so perfect of beauty. It is like a vase: look at it from all points and you have the same unique symmetry of form. The suffusion of sunny air on its lofty shoulders on a

clear April day, and the ethereal blue of the heavens above its grey rocks, are exquisite.'

The general view of the Old Town referred to here by Aird is certainly the most imposing, but in its details and component parts it is scarcely less interesting. To it belongs the Castle, as itself an object of view. And here let us quote from *Peter's Letters*—the best description we have read, or that probably exists, now, we fear, little read—of this great old antiquity:—

'From whatever side you approach the city, whether by water or by land, whether your foreground consist of height or of plain, of heath, of trees, or of the buildings of the city itself, this gigantic rock lifts itself high above all that surrounds it, and breaks upon the sky with the same commanding blackness of mingled cliffs, buttresses, and battlements. These indeed shift and vary their outlines at every step, but everywhere there is the same unmoved effect of general impression, the same lofty and imposing image to which the eye turns with the same unquestioning worship. Whether you pass on the southern side, close under the bare and shattered blocks of granite, where the crumbling turrets on the summit seem as if they had shot out of the kindred rock in some fantastic freak of Nature, and where, amidst the overhanging mass of darkness, you vainly endeavour to descry the track by which Wallace scaled; or whether you look from the north, where the rugged cliffs find room for some scanty patches of moss and broom to diversify their barren grey, and where the whole mass is softened into beauty by the wild green glen which intervenes between the spectator and the foundations;—wherever you are placed, and wherever it is viewed, you feel at once that here is the eye of the landscape and the essence of the grandeur.

'Neither is it possible to say under what sky or atmosphere all this appears to the greatest advantage. The heavens may put on what aspect they choose, they never fail to adorn it. If the air be cloudless and serene, what can be finer than the calm reposing dignity of those old towers, every delicate angle of the fissured rock, every loophole and every lineament seen clearly and distinctly in all their minuteness! Or if the mist be wreathed around the bases of the rock, and frowning fragments of the citadel emerge only here and there from the racking clouds that envelop them, the mystery and the gloom only rivet the eye the faster, and half-baffled imagination does more than the work of sight. At times the whole detail is lost to the eye,—one murky tinge of impenetrable brown wraps rock and fortress from the root to the summit; all is lost but the outline; but the outline atones abundantly for all that is lost. The cold glare of the sun, plunging slowly down into a

melancholy west beyond them, makes all the broken labyrinth of towers, batteries, and house-tops paint their heavy breadth in tenfold sable magnitude upon that lurid canvas. At break of day, how beautiful is the freshness with which the venerable pile appears to rouse itself from its sleep, and look up once more with a bright eye into the sharp and dewy air! At the grim and sultry hour of noon, with what languid grandeur the broad flag seems to flap its long weight of folds above the glowing battlements! When the daylight goes down in purple glory, what lines of gold creep along the hoary brow of its antique strength! When the whole heaven is deluged, and the winds are roaring fiercely, and snow and hail and stormy vapour are let loose to make war upon his front, with what an air of pride does the veteran citadel brave all their well-known wrath—"cased in the unfeeling armour of old time." The capital itself is but a pigmy to this giant.'—From *Peter's Letters*, vol. i. p. 330. Lockhart, by the way, informs us that Wilson had a hand in the composition of *Peter's Letters*, and we suspect we find it in the above as well as in the description in the last letters of a Sacramental Country Service.

In our first paper we spoke of having seen her Majesty, along with



MONS REG.

Prince Albert, riding up from Holyrood to the Castle. Let us reverse the route, and conduct our readers from the Castle to Holyrood. And here, instead of marking individual buildings, which were alike an endless and a needless task, let us follow the grand and graceful outline which the street pursues.—First from the esplanade of the Castle, commanding the double view of the New Town—with its trim streets, its gay gardens, its pillars, steeples, and monuments—and of the southern region of the city, with the Grassmarket, the Grange, Meadows, and Newington, bounded on one side by the Pentlands and on the other by Arthur's Seat,—a view rendered exceedingly noble, partly by the multitude of objects which are at once and easily seen together, and



CASTLE AND ALLAN RAMSAY'S HOUSE

PRINCES STREET GARDENS, AND THE CHURCHES OF ST. CULBERT'S AND ST. JOHN'S,
FROM THE HEAD OF THE MOUND.



partly by their striking contrast in character,—not to speak of the military atmosphere by which you feel yourself surrounded, which somehow serves to complete the peace and to accent the harmony.—Then passing from the faint shadow of war into the holy ground occupied by stately churches and church halls, where the memory of past conflicts and present estrangements



ADVOCATES' CLOSE.

operates not here as an element of disturbance to your feelings.—Thence penetrating a section of the genuine 'Auld Reekie,' with its memories of the Lawnmarket, the West Bow, and the Heart of Midlothian, and the house once occupied by John Knox,¹—its bulky buildings, endless stories, and dark, steep, descending closes like the circles of Dante, but which remind us only

¹ See, in the accompanying illustration, the room in which he died, with a peep of his bedroom, while at the side-door stands a portion of the official staff of Cardinal Beaton, and the skull on the table is one of the three casts from the head of Robert the Bruce.

of the gentler memory of Dandie Dinmont with his iron-grey topcoat and his huge whip, and of Guy Mannering knocking at the door of Paulus



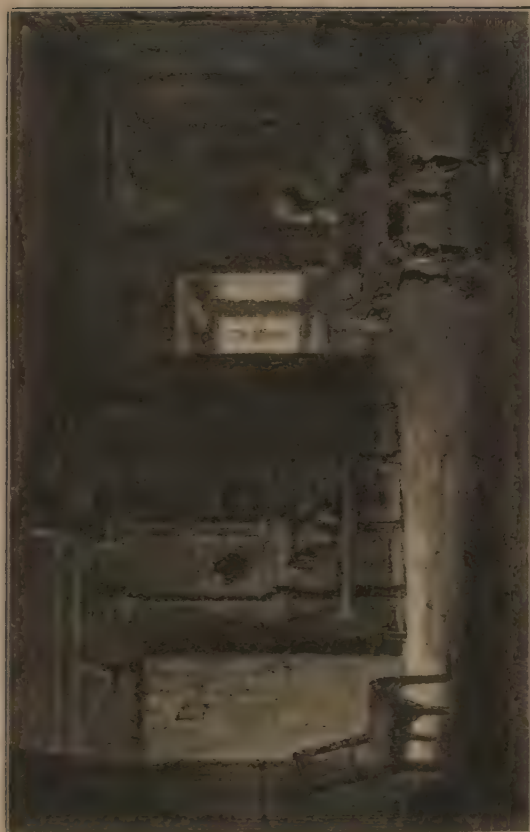
WARRISTON CLOSE.



WRITERS' COURT

Pleydell, Esq., and finding that he is away at High Jinks, it being 'Saturday at e'en,' and by the name of Pleydell recalling you a step or two back to his and his creator's chosen haunt, the Parliament House, with its ten thousand histories of forensic eloquence, lynx-eyed acuteness, deferred hope, mortified ambition, misapplied genius, worlds of wasted wit, humour, and ingenuity, personal, legal, and political intrigue, justice often omitted in her own sanctuary by 'special desire,' or meted out with severest accuracy,—as much the temple of human nature as of law.

Then under the wing of the Tron Church, skirting the Bridges, and showing to the eye on one hand the Register House and Post-Office, and on the other the College; then plunging into the Canongate, once the royal region of the city, and which, long after kings had ceased to haunt it, was filled with old hotels which from the street opened up into paved courts and gardens, seeming to retain and conserve the spirit of monarchy and nobility, as the deep cool recesses of the forest retain the morning dew long after it has melted on the wide savannas,—and which bore for its arms the proud escutcheon, *Sic ilur*



ROOM IN WHICH JOHN KNOX DIED



REGISTER HOUSE AND LEITH STREET.



POST-OFFICE AND WATERLOO PLACE.

ad astra,—a street glowingly described by a writer 'as the most impressive in its character in Britain, with sombre shadows cast by those huge houses of



QUEEN MARY'S BATH-HOUSE.

which it is composed, and streams of faint light cutting the darkness here and there where the entrance into some fantastic alley pierces the sable mass of

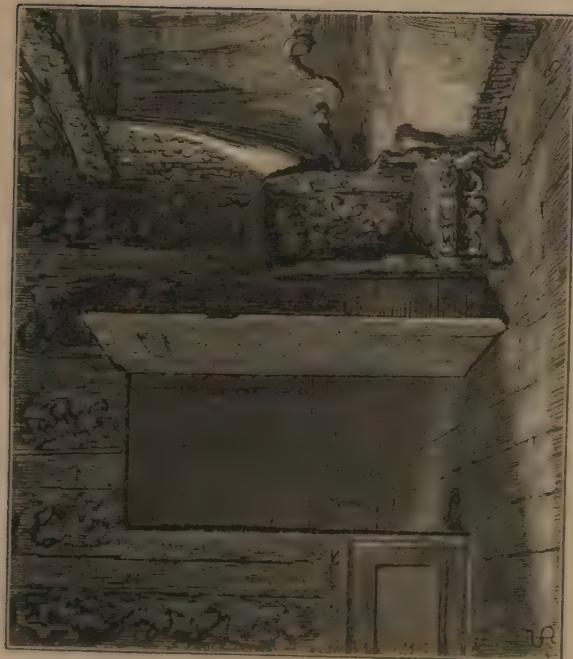
building, strange projectings, recedings, and windings, roofs, stairs, and windows all luxuriating in the endless variety of carved work, fading and mouldering coats of arms, helmets, crests, coronets, supporters, mantles, and pavilions, all these testimonials of forgotten pride, mingled so profusely with the placards of old-clothesmen and every ensign of plebeian wretchedness,—most striking emblems of the decay of a once royal city and appropriate avenue to a deserted palace.’ Passing Queen Mary’s Bath-house, and in fine emerging on Holyrood Palace, which, sunk in a hollow overhung by mountains, seems an apt emblem of Scotland and the Scottish kingdom, in its combination of that outward meanness and aspiring majesty, humble position and hot pride, courage and self-assertion, which mingled in the blaze of

‘The auld Scottish glory.’

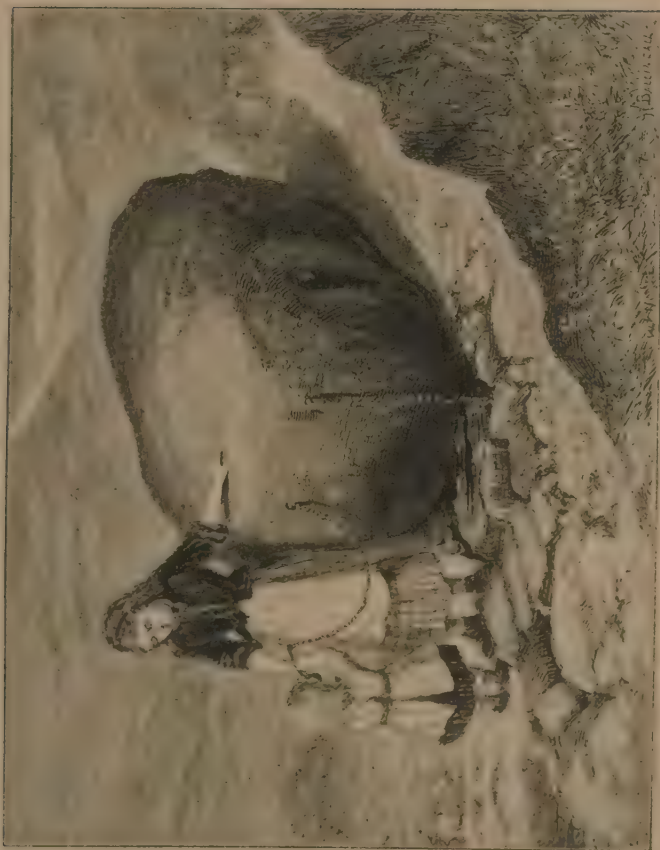


STAIRCASE, HOLYROOD.

One of the engravings shows the narrow dark stair by which the assassins reached Rizzio, and the other shows the doorway at which the murder was committed. If Holyrood in comparison with the Castle may seem something of an inverted climax,—we question if, to a leal and soothfast Caledonian, it be not every whit as inspiring,—if the one be the apex, the other is the foundation of the stately and structural whole.



DOORWAY AT WHICH RIZZIO WAS MURDERED



ST. ANTHONY'S WELL.

Some one (Sir James Mackintosh perhaps) said of George Street, in the New Town, that the backwardness of the physicians (by their too retiring Surgeons' Hall) and the forwardness of the clergy (by their too protuberant St. Andrew's Church) had spoiled the finest street in Europe; but what comparison between George Street, with the proud pillar at one end and the prouder dome at the other, and the main street of the Old Town, which, when it soars, it is into a Castle, and when it stoops, it is into a Palace? Entering



ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

the Queen's Park at Holyrood, and passing St. Margaret's Well, we reach St. Anthony's Chapel, situated on a rocky eminence overlooking St. Margaret's Loch and St. Anthony's Well.

Returning to the College, we may be permitted to take it, appropriately enough, as the starting-point for our brief excursus on the celebrities of the Scottish Metropolis. Brief and general it must necessarily be. On the

principle of selection let us name some of the leading men, in various departments of eminence, more or less connected with the city. And first among our Monarchs. It was rather late in our early history that the seat of the Scottish monarchy was removed from Scone to Edinburgh, the attraction being at first the strength of the Castle. But since it has been honoured by the presence and linked to the fate of our most famous kings,—James the fiery-faced, of Flodden memory, who summoned his army to assemble on the Borough Muir of Edinburgh, and to whom at the Cross of the city came the awful midnight summons, meant, but in vain, to deter him from his dangerous southern journey; Mary Stuart, who here spent her guiltiest yet perhaps happiest days, and has added at once a classical charm and a weight of

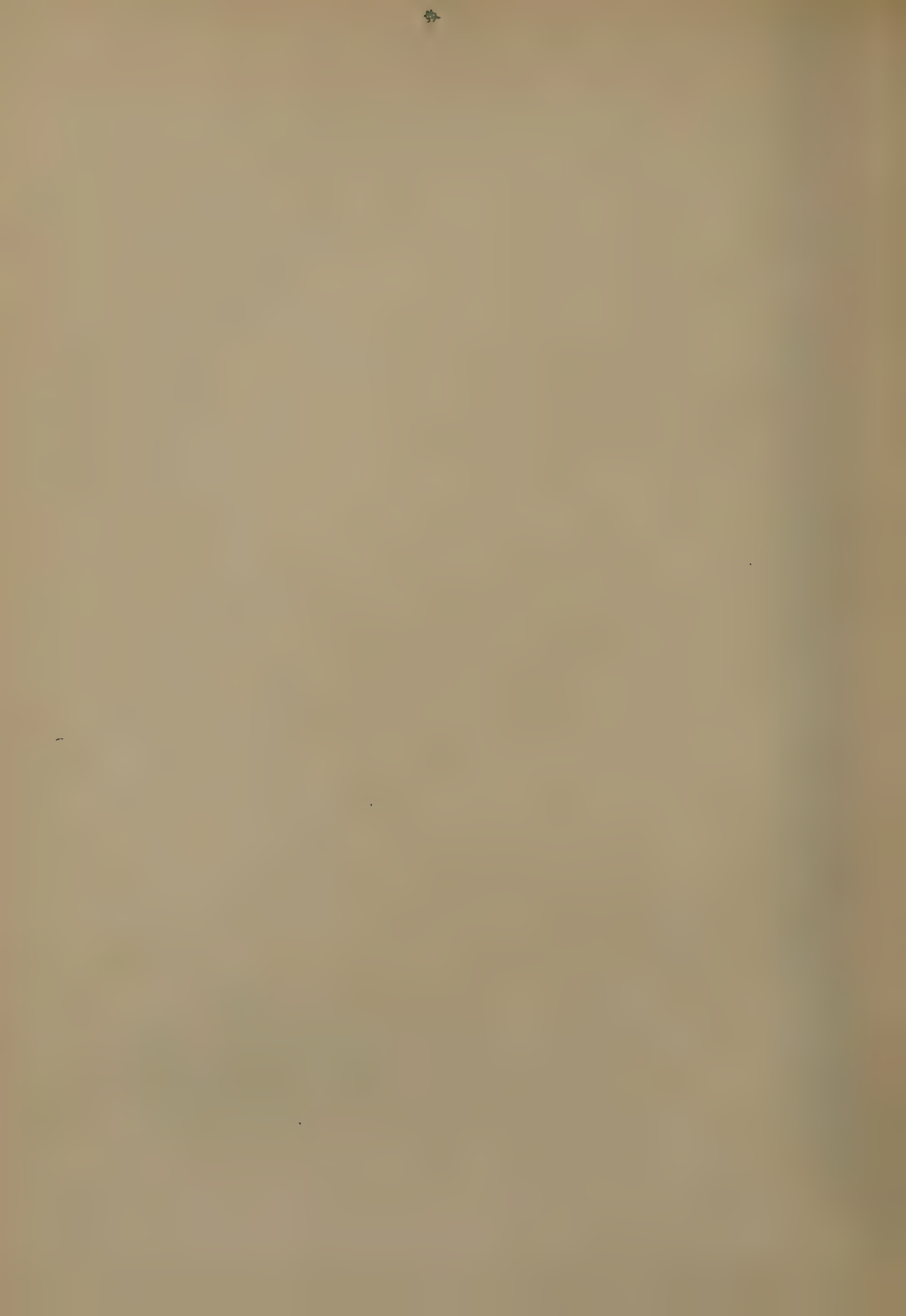


11 COLLEGE AND SOUTH BRIDGE STREET.

mystery to the spot, although the College has now annexed and obliterated the Kirk of Field; James VI. and I., who was born in the Castle here, and who here passed the earlier portion of his inglorious reign; Charles I., also born here, and whose visits to the city afterwards were more frequent than to it welcome or honourable to himself; Charles II., who came to it half as a monarch and half as a captive, and who, reverting to this visit in after life, thought probably more of the curb of the Covenant than of the glory of the Scottish Crown; Cromwell, who entered the Northern Metropolis flushed with the victory of Dunbar—and surely never a braver, truer man trod the streets of the proud city, although perhaps with 'greater pride,' even while his watchword was 'The Lord hath delivered it into my hands;' James VII.,



PEEP INTO QUEEN MARY'S ROOM



whose residence as the Duke of York in Scotland furnishes the blackest page in all his history, and the chief vestige of whose personal presence in Edinburgh—'the Duke's Walk,' near Holyrood—became appropriately the haunt of duellists and suicides; Charles Edward, his descendant, whose entrance into the city, seeming mock-heroic now from its insignificant or hapless results, was really a grand affair, being the reward of valour and good fortune, and taking place amidst picturesque accompaniments and glowing, though hollow, hopes,—superior far surely to the avatar of George IV., at which Scotland now blushes even more than she does at the abortive 'National Monument' and at the statue erected to his memory in her noblest New Town street, of which the poet so justly sang

'Let one vast bloodstone be the mighty base,'

although as much inferior to that already commemorated of Victoria riding up from the Palace to the Cradle of her ancestors!



KNOX'S STUDY.

We have named incidentally already some of the great names of Queen Mary's and still later days. Edinburgh was truly a magnificent place when Mary, the loveliest of women and most accomplished of princesses, was

treading a measure in Holyrood :—Knox, the most powerful preacher since Paul, was thundering in the pulpit of St. Giles'; George Buchanan collecting materials for his terrible *Detectio*, and afterwards for his superb *History of Scotland*; Bothwell passing through its streets like a grim spectre; Murray and Morton conducting its councils; Kirkcaldy of Grange leading its troops; Lindsay of the Byres and Sir James Melville leaving it with troubled looks for Lochleven on a melancholy embassy! It was the centre then of great events, and formed a nucleus of extraordinary men. Gavin Douglas, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir David Lindsay were also long resident in Edinburgh. In the next age, under the reigning trio of Stewarts—bad, worse, and worst—the Crafty, the Careless, and the Cantankerous—Charles I., Charles II., and James II.,—there appeared in and about Edinburgh some very remarkable persons on all sides: Montrose, Lauderdale, Rothes, Mackenzie, Argyll, Dalzell, Claverhouse, Monmouth, and Perth; Baillie of Jarviswoode, Henderson of Leuchars, Sharp, Leighton, Samuel Rutherford, Gillespie, William Carstairs, Sir Patrick Hume of Burnet, and latterly the noble army of martyrs, who, dragged along Edinburgh streets to suffer at the Grassmarket, seemed surrounded by unseen seraphim, and waited for by fiery chariots, and who, dying themselves, left behind a deathless glory which hovers over the place still. Sparser shine the luminaries in the beginning of the eighteenth century, although we can note, apart from distinguished natives, one immortal stranger pacing its streets and marking its bulwarks well, seeking to number the martyrs in the bypast persecution, but failing in the attempt, and referring us to 'the roll of their number kept under the altar and before the throne'—Daniel Defoe namely, the most ingenious and creative spirit then extant in Britain. On him, as on a stepping-stone, we pass to Allan Ramsay, the poetic periwig-maker, who may be called emphatically the *Auld-Reekie* Laureate, and who in his best poem goes no farther from her than the Pentlands and Habbie's Howe. Then we see somewhat earlier, but still contemporary, Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, the heroic patriot, who may be taken as a worthy representative of the Scottish Parliament and its many illustrious men. Ruddiman too and Pitcairn were eminent among scholars. Then we meet two very distinguished poets, one born in Edinburgh, and the other educated there, and who sailed thence to London with *Winter* in his pocket,—Robert Blair of *The Grave*, and James Thomson of *The Seasons*. Nearer the middle of the century we find poor Robert Fergusson, who was *intus et in cute* an Edinburgh bard, in which city too he now reposes, with one bright smile from

'blithe-hearted Burns,' in the form of an epitaph resting like unsetting sunshine on his grave; and Hamilton of Bangor, who there joined the ranks of Prince Charlie, and became volunteer laureate to the Jacobite cause. Nor



FERGUSSON'S GRAVE.

let David Mallett (or Malloch) be quite forgot, who, having been born in Crieff, and having studied in Aberdeen, acted as a tutor in Edinburgh ere he went to London, to make and lose a tiny and dubious fame; while with greater respect we name Armstrong, author of the *Art of Preserving Health*, who studied Medicine in Edinburgh, although it was in Liddesdale that he received the boons of birth and genius. Further on we light on a glorious cluster of celebrities, among the finest Edinburgh has yet seen:—David Hume, Hugh Blair, William Robertson, Adam Smith, author of the *Wealth of Nations* (whose grave is near to Fergusson's, in the Canongate churchyard), John Home, John Erskine, John Logan, Dr. Webster, and others almost as renowned; with Robert Burns shooting across like a comet, Henry Mackenzie appearing like a young star, Jupiter Carlyle hovering on the skirt of the horizon, not to speak of the transit at one time of Samuel Johnson, the most celebrated, and at another, of the greatest man then living, Edmund Burke. To this period too belong Lord Kames, Lord Hailes, Lord Auchinleck, and the immortal *Bessy* in the upper stratum of Edinburgh society, and Gilbert Stuart and William Smellie in the lower. About this time too some ladies of undying repute as authors

of such melodies as *Auld Robin Gray* and the *Flowers of the Forest*,—Lady Anne Barnard (Lindsay), Jane Elliott, and Mrs. Cockburn, come into delightful though momentary view. And the list at this point may be fitly closed by the names of Adam Fergusson the Roman historian, and Lord Monboddo, whose strange theories, after a century's sterility, seem now showing some symptoms of vitality, shooting root downwards and bearing fruit upwards.



DAVID HUME'S GRAVE.

About the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, more if not brighter spirits appear in the Scottish Metropolis. Dugald Stewart is still in the Moral Philosophy chair, and yet to be long there. Professor Playfair is in the middle of his useful career. Henry Mackenzie has laid aside the pleasing and pathetic pen with which he wrote his novels, but is still alive and active. Sir John Leslie is preparing his great work on Heat, and is soon to be appointed Playfair's successor in the chair of Mathematics. Dr. Thomas M'Crie is preaching in Edinburgh, and already collecting materials for his *Life of Knox*. (The grave of Knox,



STOCK: NEW AND OLD FINE

LADY SLATKIN'S HOUSE

in Parliament Square, is supposed to be under the stone shown in the Engraving.) The Edinburgh Reviewers—Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Brougham,



KNOW'S GRAVE.

Dr. Thomas Brown, Francis Horner, and the rest,—are cultivating the Muses on a little oatmeal, moistened by not a little usquebaugh. Walter Scott is getting up his *Border Minstrelsy*. Leyden is gulping down languages like Behemoth rivers. Thomas Campbell is completing the incubation of his *Pleasures of Hope*. Hector MacNeil is resting under the little laurels of his *Will and Jean* and *Mary of Castlecary*. Dr. John Jamieson has come from Forfar to preside over an Anti-Burgher congregation in Nicolson Street, and to issue his stupendous *Dictionary of the Scottish Language*. Mrs. Grant of Laggan is publishing her *Letters from the Mountains*. James Grahame is singing with sweet though rather sepulchral notes his *Sabbath* and *Birds of Scotland*. Mrs. Hamilton is brimful of her exquisite novel, *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*: and Mrs. Brunton has secretly prepared a surprise for the world, and her husband too, in her stirring and animated *Self-Control*. In the Edinburgh pulpit, Dr. John Inglis, Dr. Brunton, and other magnates, are propping up the Established Church, while in the Relief body Struthers of College Street is gathering together such crowds as have rarely been seen in Edinburgh before, and are not to be seen again till the advent of Chalmers, and is, by his sermon on the battle of Trafalgar, to electrify his audience as much as the news of the great victory had done, while Alison and afterwards Morehead and Sandford are sustaining the credit of the Episcopalian Church. But the period between the year 1815 and 1830 or 1835 may perhaps be called the culmination of Edinburgh's intellectual glory. During that time was commenced the immortal series of the Waverley Novels, in lieu of, but a vast stride before, Scott's highly popular Poems. (The

Engraving on the left shows the entrance to the printing-office and the window of the room in which Sir Walter revised his proofs, and that on the right Ballantyne's house in St. John Street.) The *Edinburgh Review*



PAUL'S WORK.



BALLANTYNE'S HOUSE.

is in undiminished force. John Wilson has arrived, and is forcing his way toward the immense popularity he is soon to gain. In the Chairs of the University, Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Thomas Brown, Leslie, Pillans, and Dalzel are teaching. Andrew Thomson is thundering stately in the pulpit, and Chalmers is preaching occasionally, as no one but himself can preach, and is by and by to be Divinity Professor. James Hogg is in Gabriel's Road meditating the *Queen's Wake*. Edward Irving is studying in Bristo Street for the ministry. M'Crie is issuing the *Life of Andrew Melville*, and attacking *Old Mortality* with merciless power. *Blackwood's Magazine* has started, and is attracting to itself such spirits as Thomas Pringle (at first) and J. G. Lockhart, Maginn, Galt, Croly, Delta, and Christopher North, who also in 1820 mounts the Moral Philosophy Chair, and takes to him his great power and reigns for more than thirty years, while a profounder, if not so brilliant a man, has been obliged to retire upon the Chair of History, whence he by and by emerges on that of Logic, as the full-fledged and unique Sir William Hamilton. Meantime the Bar is radiant with Jeffrey, Cockburn, Cranstoun, John Clerk, Moncreiff, and Murray, and the Bench with President Blair, Hermand, and Hope, and the Medical Schools are resplendent with Munro,

Hope, Christison, Lizars, Liston, and Robert Knox. In lower but still lofty literary regions William Knox is singing his Hebrew songs, 'most musical, most melancholy.' The two Chamberses are laying the slow but sure foundations of their extensive fame and usefulness. Miss Ferrier is writing her *Marriage* and *Inheritance*, and Mrs. Johnstone her *Cian Albin*. Robert Pollok has come to town from the Mearns, near Paisley, and is publishing his highly popular and promising poem, *The Course of Time*, and Thomas Aird has startled the literary world by his strange and powerful *Devil's Dream* and *Demoniac*, holding out a grand hope that has, alas! not been thoroughly realised. In the Dissenting pulpit, besides old Dr. James Peddie and Dr. Hall, two men, very different, but both of no ordinary powers, have appeared in Dr. John Brown and Dr. John Ritchie. In the Newspaper press, the *Weekly Journal*, the *Caledonian Mercury*, and above all the manly and liberal *Scotsman*, have made their mark. And this last may be considered the *avant-courcur* of *Tait's Magazine*, which comes to the aid of the Liberal



PAUL STREET.

interest in 1832, and rallies round it, besides its energetic publisher, such writers as William Weare, Roebuck, Fonblanque, Mrs. Johnstone, Bowring, Professor Nichol, Robert Nicoll, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, and the wondrous De Quincey. Besides, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, edited by Henry Glasford Bell, is for some years a very meritorious publication, and so is, in another sphere, the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*, edited by Dr. Andrew

Thomson, and so are the various journals and encyclopædias under the eye of the indefatigable Sir David Brewster and of Professor Jamieson, and the *Journal of Phrenology* edited by George Combe. In this list there are no doubt many omissions, but the above is, we hope, a fair enough general estimate of Edinburgh celebrities during the period referred to. Artists, sculptors, and architects are so numerous that we can only mention a very few, (among the past) such as Sir David Wilkie, the Hogarth of Scotland (whose first studio was in Paul Street, in the near building on the left of the Engraving), the bold and picturesque Raeburn, Thomson of Duddingston, in the sublime style, the Grand Monarque of Scottish painting; Sir William Allan, Sir John Watson Gordon, David Scott with his Dantesque imagination and sombre grandeur; David Roberts, Horatio Macculloch, D. O. Hill, Sir George Harvey, Adam, Playfair, Bryce, Handyside Ritchie, and M'Callum; (and among the present) Sir J. Noel Paton with his boundless fancy and delicate finish; Sir Daniel Macnee, Herdman, Drummond, Waller H. Paton, Hugh Cameron, G. Paul Chalmers, Smart, and the bold inimitable Sam Bough; Anderson, Morham, Matheson; Sir John Steell, Brodie, Mrs. D. O. Hill, Hutchison, and David Stevenson. We name these as specimens—there are others besides of equal or nearly equal genius.



COLLEGE QUADRANGLE.

Returning from this excursus we find ourselves again at the College. Changed it is from the days when we could pass over from tracing Sir John Leslie in his giant leaps from system to system of the stellar universe, to the class where Wilson was painting scenery with the potent dash of a Salvator Rosa, and analysing the human heart and its intricacies of passion

and motive with the clear vision and minute anatomy of a Fielding or a Shakespeare; and thence again to the 'large upper room' where Chalmers was discoursing with all the vehemence of the pulpit on theism and anti-theism, Clarke, Hobbes, and Butler, and sometimes snatching up his *Astronomical Discourses* and reading a passage from them with the fire and freshness with which he had given it originally, fifteen years before, in the Tron Church of Glasgow; and thence once more to the hall where Sir William Hamilton was spreading out his enormous treasures of knowledge to an audience, few if fit. It seemed almost as if Plato and Aristotle, and Chrysostom and Copernicus, had come down from the higher spheres and alighted beside each other!

'Such spells are past, and fled with these
The wine of life is on the lees.'

But still the College can boast of ingenious, learned, and celebrated Professors, among whom we name, because they are best known to us, the elastic, eloquent, eccentric, endless Blackie; the strong, plodding, invincible Masson; the profound and clear-headed Tait; the massive and erudite Flint; not to speak of Sir Robert Christison, Sir Wyville Thomson, Hodgson, Balfour, Calderwood, Lister, Spence, Sellar, Geikie, and others. Let us be permitted to step back out of the circle of the present Professors to others of the past—to one 'dearer than the rest,' the great-souled John Goodsir, and to the eminent Professor Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., and also to drop a word of sorrow as we recall the untimely fate of the late accomplished and gifted Secretary to the University, our special friend the poet Alexander Smith; and among the many in Edinburgh who do not but might grace Professors' Chairs, let us not be accused of too much personal partiality if we single out Dr. Hutchison Stirling, the learned and ingenious author of *The Secret of Hegel*.

Pursuing our way southward, passing the Surgeons' Hall, we reach Nicolson Square, in the Methodist Chapel (hired for years for the use of his congregation) at the south-west corner of which we remember often hearing in our early days the Rev. John Bruce, since of Free St. Andrew's Church, holding forth with all that weird power, that fervour and originality, which rendered him, till the advent of Dr. Candlish, the most attractive preacher to the intellectual classes in Edinburgh, and where such youths as then were the late Patrick MacDougall, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Edinburgh College, the late Dr. Eadie of Glasgow,

Dr. James Morrison of Glasgow, and others of similar mark and likelihood, used to hang upon his lips like bees on mountain flowers,—and



SURGEONS' HALL.

there were a wild beauty and fragrance in his utterances! Passing from Nicolson Square through a pend, we come upon the Potterrow. Here stood a U.P. Church, where for a lengthened time preached Dr. John Ritchie, already referred to, whose sobriquet was Voluntary John, a man of rare powers of humour, great readiness of speech, and marvellous activity, who moved through all Scotland like a meteor for several years advocating the Voluntary cause, and returned regularly on Saturday night to address his flock on the Sunday, as fresh and full as if he had never stirred from home. And not far from this we light on memorials of two much better known men of genius, Robert Burns and Thomas Campbell. On the east pavement of Potterrow Robert Burns used to pace, and look upward to a window in the west of the street, where lived Clarinda, his then goddess (interior and exterior views of whose house in General's Entry,¹ now taken down, are shown in the accompanying engravings). We don't much admire this episode in the history of the Scottish Bard. His feeling to Mrs. Maclehose was neither love nor

¹ General's Entry derives its name from General Monk, who inhabited a house, now extinct, in the south-western corner.



General's House, 1810.

CLARKIND'S HOUSE - GENERAL'S ENTRY

lust ; it was chiefly, we suspect, vanity,—a feeling seldom entertained by him, and not cognate to his better nature. Ah ! how different from that burning youthful passion for his Jean, which has enriched the language with such matchless melodies, and from that maturer Platonic love he seems to have felt for Charlotte Hamilton, and which arose again in his dying bosom like a bright bell, bubbling up from the dark abyss of the past, when he wrote his last song—

‘ Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Winding Devon, crystal Devon,
Prithee lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do.’

But surely there can be less sympathy with his feeling for Clarinda, if we measure it at least by the fantastic, rhapsodical, and ridiculous rubbish of which his letters to her consist. Yet, on the other hand, let us remember that he wrote on her the fine song, ‘My Nannie’s awa,’ and that his passion for her, or rather the memory of it, inspired that stanza which Scott says contains the essence of a thousand love-histories—

‘ Had we never loved so blindly,
Had we never loved so kindly,
Never met, or never parted—
We had ne’er been broken-hearted.’

And at all events we cannot gaze without interest at the spot where the brawny poet, then in the very pride of his popularity, stalked to and fro, clad in buckskins, with his riding-whip in his hand, turning his ardent eyes towards his cynosure, if haply he might catch a glance of her eye or a smile from her lips ; and we cannot after all look without some emotion at the plain little old-fashioned room where—as with Mary Campbell in more romantic circumstances and scenery—he spent ‘one day of parting love’ ere they were separated for ever, and by a yet ghastlier gulf than that of death. Poor Burns ! His errors cannot now entice, and men can look back upon them from the distance of nearly a century with feelings of pity and forgiveness.

In the square adjacent—Alison’s Square—stands a house, to the second flat of which, as represented by the open window in the engraving, tradition points as the place where Thomas Campbell finished and prepared for the press his *Pleasures of Hope*,—a poem, we fear, less read now than it deserves, but which should never be forgotten as one of the most remarkable young poems ever produced in this country. It has faults, but they are wonderfully few

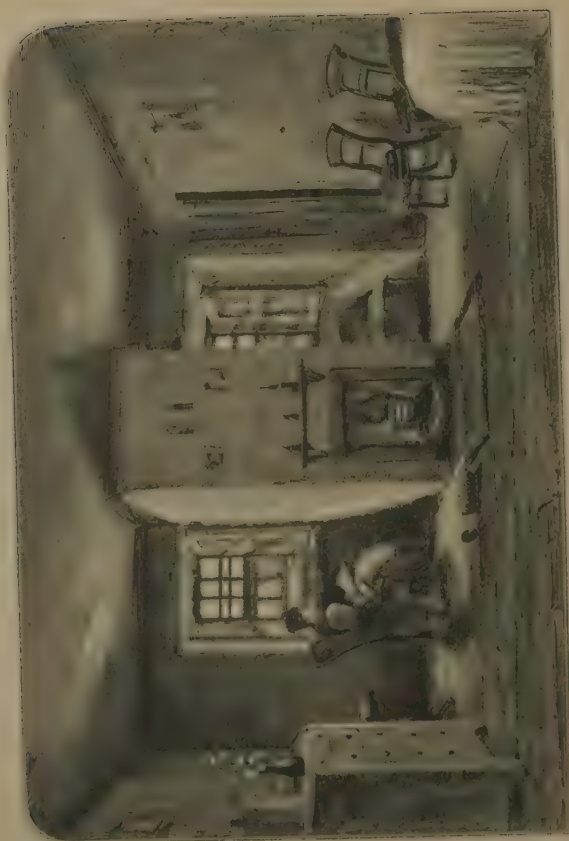
when compared with his age; and in it you find combined much of the elegance of Pope and something of the fire of Schiller or Byron, although the lyric energy and compression of his *Mariners of England* and *Hohenlinden*, and the exquisite pathos of *Gertrude of Wyoming* and of *O'Connor's Child*, were yet to come. We are often half ashamed and half angry when we think that



ALISON'S SQUARE AND POTTERROW.

some of our poetic mystagogues have prevailed to dim the glory and to lessen the popularity of such pure, clear, refined, and classical writers as Campbell, and are sorry too that Campbell's most congenial critic, Lord Jeffrey, is suffering a temporary eclipse through similar causes. Temporary it can only be, for while we readily admit the great genius of the writers just referred to, we believe that their grievous and gloried-in faults and mannerisms will prevent their permanence in the poetic sky, and that as they recede and darken, the better and more English of our authors, alike poets and prose-writers, will come again to the foreground.

Almost opposite Clarinda's house, in Cordiners' Court, Potterrow, there is a little dark house of two apartments, where James Smith, a living and true Scottish poet, wrote some of his best pieces, such as *Wee Joukydailies*, *The Wee Pair o' Shoon*, *Burd Ailie*, *Lily Lorn*, and others, all breathing the real



ROOM IN CLARINDA'S HOUSE

Doric spirit. So that we may almost change the name of this Row slightly, and call it *Poet Row*. The name suggests to us a number of kindred spirits, such as James Ballantine, Alexander MacLagan, Thomas Tod Stoddart, Alexander Smart, William Sinclair, David Vedder, Robert Gilfillan, and Peter Gardner,—all poets, and all more or less connected with Edinburgh and its Old Town,—not omitting one of a still higher order, Hugh Miller, also a poet, and who here gained his richer laurels as a journalist and a scientific yet imaginative geologist. Nor can we forget to mention among the past celebrities, Dean Ramsay, the genial-hearted author of *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, Lord Ardmillan, Alexander Russel, the able and dauntless editor of the *Scotsman*; and among the present notabilities, Dr. John Brown, the ingenious author of *Rab and his Friends*; Lords Deas, Neaves, and Moncreiff; J. Campbell Smith, J. Arthur Crichton, J. Guthrie Smith, and William Pitt Dundas,



CHAMBERS STREET.

Registrar General for Scotland, among the advocates; Dr. Donaldson and Macdonald of the High School—elsewhere, Dr. Harvey, Clyde, Bryce, and David Pryde; among the divines, Dr. Cotterill, Dr. Macgregor of St. Cuthbert's, Dr. Walter C. Smith, Dr. Andrew Thomson, Professor Kirk, Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander; and at the New College, Professors Rainy, Duff, Duns, and Blaikie; and among other men of letters, Dr. John Stuart of the Register House, David Laing of the Signet Library, John Hill Burton, and Professor Archer. The Museum of Science and Art behind the College is too well known to require

description. It has not yet been hackneyed by familiarity, and has still all the freshness of youth, while worthy from its utility, vastness, and variety to rank in importance with the time-honoured edifice beside it. The statue to Watt the engineer, on the opposite building, marks the new School of Arts, beside which is the Phrenological Museum. Close at hand was North College Street, and here, at the head of College Wynd, Sir Walter Scott was born, in a house long since taken down, the site of which is now crossed by Chambers



COLLEGE WYND.

Street. It stood close to the near building on the right of the Engraving. And along with this we may mention George Square, perhaps the most silent square in the whole city, but which speaks eloquently nevertheless when we remember that No. 25 was the house of Walter Scott, W.S., the father of Sir Walter, and that here the great novelist spent his studious boyhood, and had that early illness which, allowing him as it did the liberty of unlimited reading, was perhaps even more than his raids to Liddesdale the making of him. (The house is that on the extreme right of the picture.) No. 20 was the house of Robert Syme, better known as Timothy Tickler. We well remember often seeing this venerable gentleman, then between seventy and eighty years of age, nearly seven feet high, straight as a statue, with hair white as snow, cheek a rosebud, keen eye, aquiline nose, and military bearing, pacing leisurely along the Meadows or the Square a little before the dinner hour. He was Professor Wilson's uncle by the mother's side, and lived till he had reached his ninety-fourth year. Of the speeches attributed to him in the



DE QUINCEY'S GRAVE.

Notes, and the articles and letters under his name in *Blackwood*, he was altogether guiltless, and often altogether ignorant. De Quincey assured us



GEORGE SQUARE.

that though a gentleman and a man of sense, old Syme was of an ordinary

intellect, and quite incapable of fathering either the wit or wisdom of *Timothy Tickler*. (De Quincey was buried in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard.)



HAMILTON'S ENTRY.

In Bristo Street, near at hand, Edward Irving lived a while, and it was long the haunt of students—some of whom came to eminence—who had less



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FIRST SCHOOL.

money than brains and ambition. In Charles Street (No. 7), which lies between Bristo Street and George Square, Lord Jeffrey was born (the house is seen in the engraving of Hamilton's Entry as you look through the pend, while in the rear there stood, till the autumn of 1875, Sir Walter Scott's first school,¹ so that this little archway binds together early memories of two of Scotland's most gifted sons), and in the third flat of No. 18 Buccleuch Place (close at hand), Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Lord Brougham first projected the *Edinburgh Review*. Long before, a few yards from this, in the "Hole



BUCCLEUCH PLACE.

in the Wa'" of Buccleuch Pend, a certain Lucky Pringle kept an alehouse much frequented by William Nicol of the High School (who lived near it), Burns's friend, and by Burns himself. At the east end of Sciennes Hill—the seat of the ancient Convent of St. Catherine of Siena (corrupted into 'Sciennes,' and now pronounced 'Sheens')—stood Adam Fergusson's house, where, at a breakfast party, Scott, a boy, met and interchanged courteous words with the Peasant Poet of Scotland. This altogether may be called the classic region of Edinburgh, every inch of it bristling with literary recollections.

We now approach the Meadows, one of the oldest and finest promenades in Edinburgh, originally a part of the old Borough Loch. A strip at the west end of the East Meadow is used as a practice ground for the Royal Company of Archers (Archers' Hall), while Bruntsfield Links, to the south of

¹ The accompanying drawing was made during the process of demolition.

the West Meadow, have been for hundreds of years the favourite resort for golf players. This forms the north-western portion of the old 'Borough Muir,' on which the Scottish army encamped on the eve of their fatal march to Flodden. To the south-east there is a walk between deep hedges, long and familiarly known as the Lover's Loan.

Apart from its old associations and present uses the Meadows have always presented peculiar charms for musing and solitary men,—for students, for clericals, for actors, for strangers, and every sort of accomplished idlers, as well as every variety of professional men. Here we have overheard the player rehearsing his part for the evening theatre; the wild-eyed poetic youth reciting Byron, or reading Shelley or Coleridge 'himself (as he thought) alone;' the desperate and suicide-revolving man uttering his broken and frenzied soliloquies; the student conning his Tacitus, or repeating his sermon for the Presbytery; the lover revolving a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow or walking at her side; the wretched waif, with madness and hell contending for the mastery over his miserable face, emaciated figure, and tattered attire, as he elbows without scruple or begs without shame from the doctor, the divine, the master of the New Academy or High School, the professor, or the judge who have sought recreation but not found solitude in the Meadows. Here, too, was daily to be viewed a scene, which in its varied beauty and sublimity, seemed to suit all and soothe many who frequented it with its fresh green pastures, where in full spring or summer tide

'You scarce could see the grass for flowers;'

its trees from under whose shadow your soul

'Floated and mingled far away

With the warm winds of the summer day;'

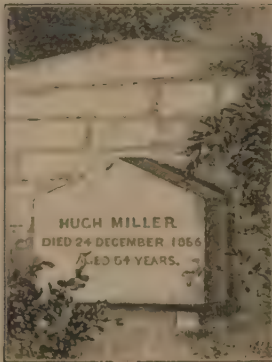
its cool walks, where you felt yourself at times entirely alone, and could revel unseen in Hazlitt's *First Acquaintance with Poets*, and in Shelley's translations from *Faust*, bound together in the one blue cover of the *Liberal*; and with constant feeling of the neighbourhood and occasional flashing out of the presence of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, and the distant Pentlands leaning like wearied Titans against the south-western sky. (We have in Mr. Paton's delightful drawing a glimpse of the avenue that unites the Meadows and Bruntsfield Links.)

To the old Borough Muir belonged the ground now laid out so beautifully as the Grange Cemetery. Here slumbers the fiery dust of Chalmers, and



THE AVENUE, BRUNTSHELD LINES

that tongue which sounded like the alarum-bell of the world is for ever silent. Here Hugh Miller's restless intellect and more restless heart are still. And here Guthrie's work is ended, and that long speech—his life—is closed. Here Professor Nichol is shut out, while time endureth, from the spectacle of those heavenly bodies which he loved so well and panegyricised with all the



HUGH MILLER'S GRAVE.



CHALMERS'S GRAVE.

ardour of his fine imagination and warm heart. And here Samuel Brown, bright ambitious 'son of the morning,' rests, and all his gorgeous theories and golden hopes are buried with him—not, however, it may be, without some prospect of resurrection, for does not the poet sing

'That every thought which strongly moves men's minds,
And makes itself a worship in their hearts,
Contains within it an unchanging germ;
May die, but must one day be raised again;
In form though diverse, yet in soul the same,
Transfigured, and by this declared divine?'

On the slope to the south of this, stands The Grange House, so called from its having been in this locality that the grange or farm of the Vicar of St. Giles' was situated. In 1831 this house became the residence of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, the accomplished and gifted author of the *Wolfe of Badenach* and *The Moray Floods* in 1829,—one whose image as a tall, fine-looking, grey-haired, gentlemanly man, with a world of geniality in his face, kindness in his manner, and gleesome humour in his speech, lingers still in the memory of many. Before coming to the Grange he lived at Relugas, a romantic

mansion standing amidst the deep solitary woods, the high ragged rocks, and the foaming waters of the Findhorn.

Toward Morningside, with its, alas ! too well known magnificent Asylum, you pass Merchiston Castle, where Napier, the famous inventor of Logarithms, one of Scotland's highest scientific men, spent the greater portion of his life. Above Falcon Hall on the roadside at its highest point, is seen the Bore Stone, marked by an inscription, into which James IV. sunk the shaft of his royal



MERCHISTON CASTLE.

standard on setting out for Flodden (ah ! how different from that of a similar designation still to be seen near Bannockburn, where Scotland's flag at the close of that 'bloody summer day,' June 24th, 1514, was stirred by the breeze of victory, and seemed in every fold and flutter to be speaking of freedom !); and it was in the first house on the left in Church Hill that Chalmers was found in his bed--dead, yet with an aspect which might have accompanied the triumph of a translation. It is refreshing, after the excitement and exhaustion of passing so many classic spots and speaking silences, to find yourself now in the free fresh country, amidst the quiet commonplace of its fields and the breathing balm of its summer winds !

There are still some places of great interest which must not, even in a review so rapid and sketchy, be omitted, such as the Greyfriars Church and Churchyard, the Grassmarket and the Cowgate.

Built in 1612, half blown up in 1718, completely destroyed by fire in

1845, Old Greyfriars Church was restored and reopened in 1857. What a strange and varied history it has gone through!—‘not a church, but a caravanserai.’ Here, after a sermon by Alexander Henderson of Leuchars in 1663, the Solemn League and Covenant was signed, laid out on a gravestone, the parchment at length failing them, and many of the signatures being written



STONE ON WHICH THE COVENANT WAS SIGNED.

in blood! (In the Engraving the stone is enclosed within the railing, and a glimpse of light rests on it.) Here Dr. Robertson the historian rolled along his splendid sentences in the morning, and Dr. John Erskine in the afternoon pierced and scattered them by his Presbyterian dagger! the one contending that virtue, were she coming to earth in human form, would be adored; the other announcing that she had come in the person of Christ, and had been crucified and slain. Here Dr. Robert Lee, a reformer too, in his own way, discerning perhaps his time as well as Henderson did his, introduced an organ and a liturgy, and struck a chord of innovation which his successor, the sagacious and daring Wallace—now Editor of the *Scotsman*—boldly and successfully followed.

The Greyfriars Churchyard stands on the ruins of the Franciscan Monastery, and strange it was that the first man of note buried in it should be George Buchanan, the scourge of the Franciscans as well as of the other orders of monks—described by Milton as ‘white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.’ Buchanan’s funeral was attended by a ‘great company of the faithful,’ and, standing near a small tablet erected to his memory by a working blacksmith—his only monument here,—let us recall for an instant into honourable remembrance the greatest of Scottish Latin scholars and not the least of Scottish poets, the noble, brave-hearted, outspoken, manly, and eloquent

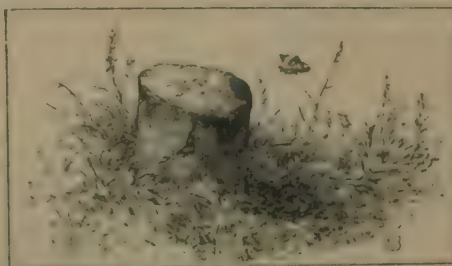
historian,—a man too great to be faultless, too honest and peculiar to be without enemies, but whose name ranks with those of Knox, and Burns, and



BUCHANAN'S GRAVE.

Chalmers, and William Wallace, and Robert Bruce, and David Hume, and Sir Walter Scott, as belonging to the very first file of eminent Scotchmen.

Among others who repose here are Principal Robertson and Dr. M'Crie, two opposites paired off in the Parliament of Death; Dr. Hugh Blair, the



GRAVE OF THE REGENT MORTON.

accomplished critic and smooth sermon-writer; Allan Ramsay, who must live as long as Edinburgh herself in his *Gentle Shepherd*; the learned Patrick Tytler; and Henry Mackenzie, who, in his *Man of Feeling*, *Julia de Roubigne*,

and *La Roche*, levied once so heavy a tax upon the tears of Scotland—nay, of the civilised world ; here also a small unhewn stone marks the grave of the Regent Morton.

But there are yet nobler sleepers in this 'God's Acre,'—an innumerable company of martyrs. Here stands what is called the Martyrs' Monument, with the following inscription :—' From May 27, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyle was beheaded, to the 17th Feb. 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were one way or other murdered and destroyed for the same about 18,000, of whom were executed at Edinburgh about 100 of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others,—noble martyrs for Jesus Christ. The most of them lie here.' Here, in a spot as shown in our illustration, two hundred of the prisoners of Bothwell Bridge were lodged for five months,



COVENANTERS' PRISON.



MACKENZIE'S TOMB.

half-starved and brutally used, while those who survived were shipped off to Barbadoes. The child leaning against the original gate looks into this glorious Golgotha, this consecrated Aceldama. And near them lies buried their main foe, the 'master-fiend' Mackenzie ; and here fancy still dreams that his spirit keeps restless and wretched guard, like a sentinel of Hell, around the circle of his victims ; and boys used to cry in at the keyhole of his monument,

'Bluidy Mackenzie, come out if ye daur ;
Lift the sneck and draw the bar.'

Well might Christopher thus describe Greyfriars in his *Notes* :—‘ An impressive place,—huge auld red gloomy church, a countless multitude o’ grass graves, a’ touchin’ ane anither ; a’ round the kirkyard wa’s marble and freestane monuments without end, and o’ a’ shapes and sizes and ages,—some quaint, some queer, some simple, some ornate—for genius likes to work upon grief ; and here tombs are like towers and temples, partakin’ not o’ the noise o’ the city, but standing aloof frae the stir of life, aneath the sombre shadow of the Castle cliff, that heaves its battlements furth into the sky.’



OLD WELL, WEST PORT.

The best approach to the Grassmarket was down the ancient suburb of Portsburgh. There too you get one of the grandest views of the Castle, frowning overhead, as represented in the Engraving, like the brow of some colossal Gorgon. The Grassmarket itself owes its chief charm to the past, to the memories of the Covenanters who ‘glorified God’ there (at the east end of the square, opposite No. 100), and of Captain Porteous, who was hung on a dyester’s pole on the south side, over the entrance to Hunter’s Close. We remember too with special interest being present here in the close of the year 1834 at a great meeting against the Tory Ministry, and of hearing eloquent speeches from the lips of James Aytoun, James Browne, Advocate, and above all of



GRASSMARKET AND THE CASTLE.

R. W. Jameson, afterwards the author of *Nimrod*, one of the liveliest orators Edinburgh ever produced. There was a grim determination in that multitude which assorted well with the dark shadows of the closing November day, and threatened unutterable things if their purpose had not been carried. An allusion by Mr. Jameson to the Covenanting days, and the Grassmarket as it was then, told with prodigious power.



MAGDALENE CHAPEL.

The Cowgate is chiefly remarkable for Magdalene Chapel, founded in the reign of James V., where John Craig, Knox's colleague, preached in Latin for nine years before the Reformation, and where the General Assembly in 1578, presided over by Andrew Melville, abolished the name of 'Bishop.' This chapel is now the headquarters of the Edinburgh Medical Mission. It is also remarkable as the place to which the remains of Argyll were carried, and in our view of the interior, the light stealing in at the window falls upon the table (still there) on which the body of the martyr lay. In Candle-maker Row used to stand Walker's Inn, famous as the haunt of James Hogg, and where, when a shepherd visiting Edinburgh, he used to hold nightly levees of his cronies. Lord Brougham, it is now ascertained beyond doubt, was born in a house at the corner of the West Bow and the Cowgate, namely the

third flat, No. 8 Cowgatehead, the windows looking up Candlemaker Row. The house is marked by the figure at the window.



LORD BROUGHAM'S BIRTHPLACE.

We ought to have painted the view of Edinburgh from Blackford Hill and from the Braid Hills, but in the first place we were never fortunate enough to stand on either, and secondly, Scott has in his *Marmion* described the former; and what can be added to what Burns said when he stood with Dugald Stewart on the other?—that the view of so many smoking cottages gave him the intenser pleasure, that he knew from experience what worth and intelligence such cottages contained.

It is with a certain feeling of regret that we come now to bid farewell to a theme for description which presented at once such attractions and such difficulties, and from a city which always awakens in us many and conflicting memories, the prevailing and permanent impression, however, being that of pride and exulting enthusiasm as we think of the unequalled features of its scenery, and of the lofty aims, powerful genius, and varied accomplishments of many of its sons. To be connected by the very slightest tie with such a Metropolis ought for a Scotchman, though neither a native of its walls nor an

alumnus of its University, to be a source of unmingled and unending satisfaction. Let us close by quoting a few of Burns's verses, which it is as difficult to hackney as to forget :—

'Edina ! Scotia's darling seat,
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sovereign Powers !
 Here Wealth still swells the golden tide
 As busy Trade his labour plies ;
 There Architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendour rise.
 Here Justice from her native skies
 High wields her balance and her rod ;
 There Learning with his eagle eyes
 Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail !
 Their views enlarged, their liberal mind
 Above the narrow rural vale ;
 Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
 Or modest merit's silent claim :
 And never may their sources fail,
 And never envy blot their name.
 Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptured thrill of joy.'



MIDDLE WALK, MEADOWS.



NORTH-EAST TOWERS, NEW ROYAL INFIRMARY



Stout Monument No. 1117

THE GRAVE OF SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON, PART

THE GRIFFIN IN THE FOREGROUND MARKS THE GRAVE OF SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON, PART

EDINBURGH FROM WARRISTON CEMETERY,

AS SEEN FROM THE GRAVE OF SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF '*The Hotel du Petit St. Jean,*' '*Véra,*' etc.

If it be true, as the proverb avers, that while God made the country man makes the town, it is also certain that the town in its turn does a good deal towards making the man.

Profaned as the name of citizen has been by the extravagance and cruelty of the revolutionists who appropriated it, it is yet a good and a brave word; a good name, and like good names it covers an excellent meaning and many good things. It implies sonship and brotherhood,—for it is one thing to be a citizen and another to be a mere denizen and dweller within the gates. To be a citizen is to add a cell to the great beehive, it is to give and receive in your home the best benefits of civilisation, to know the dignity of labour and the pleasures of success. It is to see sympathy reflected in a thousand faces, it is to feel the beating of many hearts, to return the pressure of many hands. It is to lead an active, useful, brotherly life, to have a sphere larger than our common forms of single and dual selfishness, it is to go up with the multitude when it keeps holiday, it is to tremble when the mourners go about the streets, it is to be fellow-heirs and fellow-workers for the reputation and welfare of the city.

Charles Lamb declared that for the growth of the mind it was absolutely necessary to inhabit towns, and the noise and traffic of the busiest capitals have always had a strange attraction for their noblest sons. Let their city give them work, or let it even deny them bread, still they love her. She in her turn receives from them praise or blame, and if she accords them crowns, gains through them an immortality of interest. The tie between them can

never be really severed. It subsists after death. Even when all labour is done, it is known whether the city watches faithfully over her illustrious dead, or whether it is left to strangers to 'keep his dust in Arquà, where he died.'

Our nineteenth century, which does so much to remove old landmarks, has done its best to weaken those bonds of citizenship. Our great towns are overgrown past all limits of acquaintance or sympathy, and of the lesser ones many, nay most, have changed their fashion. London is not now to any author what it was to Dr. Johnson, hardly to any artist what it was to Hogarth, or even to Turner. Paris is too much the playground of all nations, though Rome certainly is still the inheritance of the whole Christian world. Venice is deserted, and Athens has changed her classic language for a dialect, and imports foreign princes, though the bees still hum about the slopes of Hymettus as in the days of Harmodius and Aristogiton. In Florence, stripped of her walls, they study war no more; the halo of her artistic past still glorifies her, but the children that are growing up in the streets of the Lily-City are of all kindreds and tongues. They know nothing of Guelph or Ghibelline. Among modern capitals, Geneva is perhaps the most careful of her old prestige, and has lost the least of her old pretensions. Though the fortifications that withstood the famous escalade have been levelled, the Genevese are building new streets with the old *débris*, and under the names of 'les Grands Philosophes.' Thus the traveller still seems to see in Geneva the shades of Calvin and of Rousseau, of Melanchthon and of Farel, and perhaps even the ghost of unorthodox Servetus.

Edinburgh keeps faith with the past, and still exercises an influence over the men who are reared in her schools. Of all the cities of the modern world this is perhaps the most beautiful. To its beauty the strangest and the happiest geological accidents have contributed. On every side the architectural masses are relieved by natural forms which enhance them, and which are of even greater beauty. Behind the city are the noble outlines of Arthur's Seat and the exquisite profile of the Crag, while on her left hand are the bold seaward escarpments of the Calton Hill. And of the Castle as a natural feature how is it possible to say too much? Thrust up between the dusky ridges of the Old Town and the long rectangular vistas of the New, it stands there, a citadel, a watch-tower and a landmark from afar. It is true that as the victories of Edinburgh are now all peaceful ones, it no longer threatens or frowns; for in Edinburgh, very markedly, arms have given place to the lawyer's robe; and only a bugle-call at intervals startles the ear as it rings out from the Maiden Castle that so often of old defied the invader.

What the capital of Scotland does lack is climate. That, no genius of Scott and no engineering skill can procure for her. Her streets are swept by cold north-east winds, and her skies are heavy with the rain-clouds that alternately roll in from the ocean, or drift down upon her from the neighbouring hills. Yet still, in the hundred changeable effects of light and shade, she has a beauty more effective and appropriate than if she stood out in the bold relief of perfect and unclouded sunshine. Far to the southward drenching showers are sweeping along, and they obliterate the half-circle of the Moorfoot Hills, but in the slant rays of the afternoon sun all the spires and towers catch a pale splendour, and round their feet the city's smoke drifts away with the light westerly wind.

How striking from here, rising above all the hazy wreaths, is the crowned belfry of old St. Giles's! Of how much does it not remind us! It takes us back to the Edinburgh of Queen Mary and of John Knox, and we seem to live again in that time of fierce theological strife. On the one side, we see 'the scarlet prelates' insolently maintaining the rights of tradition and the unity of a Church that they would fain keep as indivisible as was the seamless garment of Christ. On the other side, are the black-robed preachers of the Geneva school, boldly claiming the liberty of the human conscience, and declaring the equality of priest and laic before the laws, and before Almighty-God!

These Reformers developed, through spiritual liberty, the progress of the Scottish nation: nor must it be forgotten that they helped to form the language of their country; what Calvin and Bonnivard did for the French language, Knox and Wishart and Henderson did for the vulgar tongue of Scotland. Through it they appealed to the heart of the people, and they used it as a weapon to combat tradition. Latin at that epoch was being exquisitely handled by George Buchanan, but the Reformers discarded it, and substituted for it the homely vernacular of their native land. Native eloquence, once planted, did not fail to grow, and the language, then first turned to noble uses, has since become history in the hands of Hume, philosophy in those of Dugald Stewart and of the elder Mill, criticism in those of Jeffrey, theology from the pulpits of Chalmers, M'Leod, and Tulloch, and unequalled and undying fiction under the magic wand of Walter Scott.

How close the great buildings seem to press on one another, as banks, colleges, hotels, churches, and galleries rise on either side of the valley of the old 'Nor' Loch'!

From the spot where we now stand, the horizontal line of the houses is

broken at the east end of Princes Street by the tall column of the Melville Monument. Comparatively modern as this is, it has also a tale to tell. It is a tale of civic changes, and of the influence of a great legal and political house over Scotland and over India, until the passing of the first Reform Bill put power and patronage into other hands.

At the opposite end of the perspective we have St. John's Chapel, invested, through Dean Ramsay's name, with a peculiarly national interest. Few figures were for half a century better known in Edinburgh than that of the kindly Scotsman who understood his country-folk so well. The mind of Dean Ramsay was as a link between the present and the past, and being a stranger to all party-spirit, his long ministrations were powerfully effective for the purposes of kindness and holiness, piety and peace.

It is but just that the most beautiful object in a beautiful city should be the monument of Sir Walter Scott, for in his head and heart Edinburgh truly might be said to live. He saw, as in a vision, her kings, her fair women, her heroes and her fanatics, her burghers and her nobles, and over her his fancy has flung all the charm of his marvellous genius, until it has become impossible for the cultivated traveller to see Edinburgh except through the medium which he has created. When we approach it we are ready with *Marmion* to stand and call it the fairest scene we e'er surveyed; when we leave it we almost look for the coach that conveyed the Antiquary and his companion to Queensferry, and if our walk is by the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel we find that Scott has been there before us, and returning cityward, it is to confess that on the Heart of Midlothian his name is engraved for evermore.

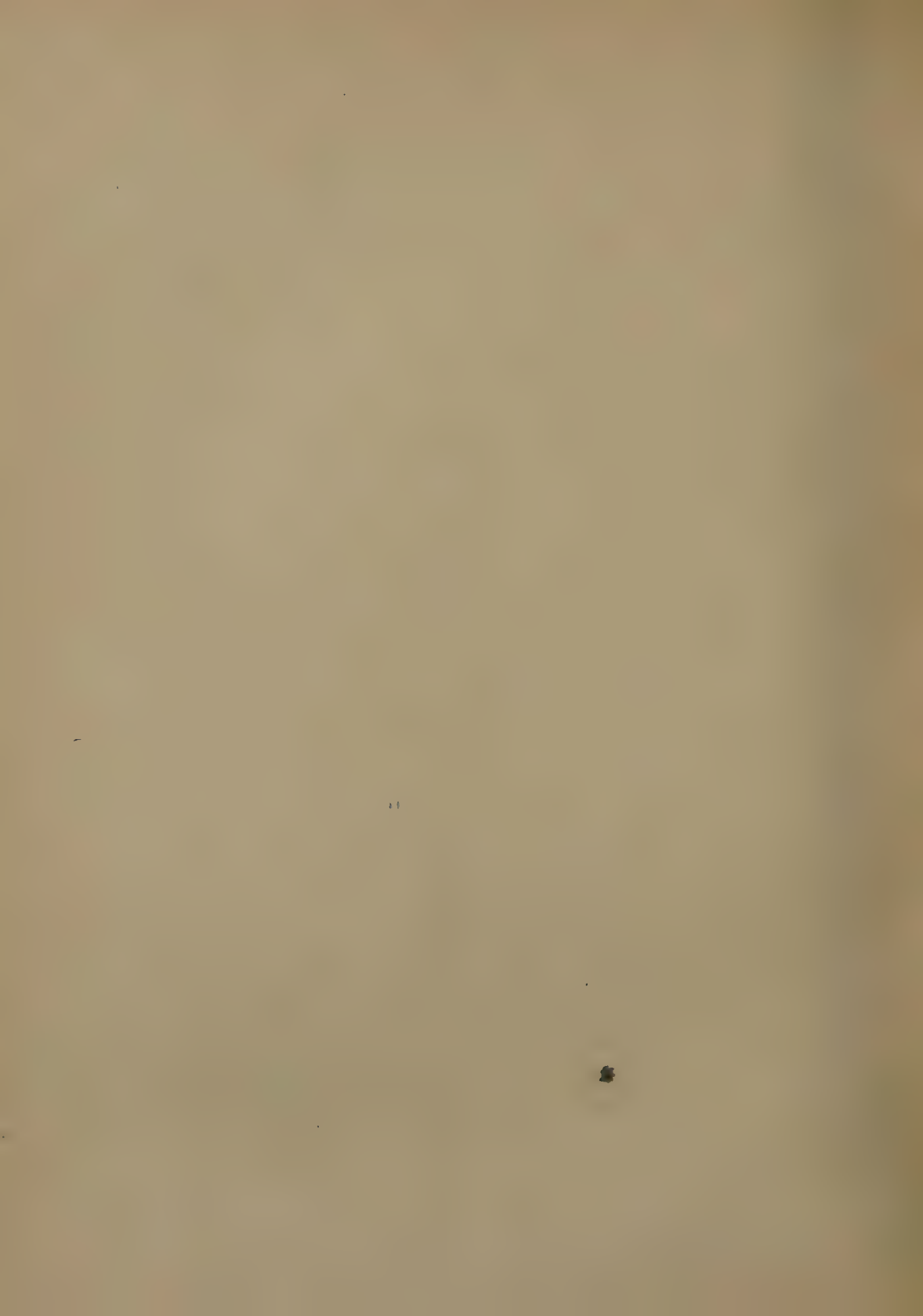
And now, as the writer of these lines closes the ramble which brings this panorama before his eyes, a few red leaves suddenly rustle to the ground at his feet. They have fallen on Sir James Simpson's grave. With the mention of his name we pass from the worlds of history and poetry into the walks of domestic life, and awaken regrets and memories which can never be dispelled. Great in his art and peerless in resource, he had qualities which so attached and endeared him that the world is a colder and a sadder place since he left it. The man who fought with the dragon of physical pain and put his foot upon its neck was one of the most unassuming of the children of genius, and his grave is in keeping with his life. At his own request he was buried here beside the children whom he had lost and mourned, and in sight of the town where his name, his fame, his very manners and gestures, will be remembered with a loving and lasting regret.

Called to the art of healing, he conceived of it as of the highest of human



RYDER REMINISCENCE PHOTOGRAPH

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT



ministrations, and he often sketched out for it a beautiful future, when Nature shall have been made to give up to her students many secrets as precious as that of Anæsthesia. He made his school famous, and his house a Pool of Healing for all nations. To his own city he was profoundly attached ; no one ever loved her antiquity better, and no one saw more of her poor. When he first began to be missed from his home and the familiar streets, the poor of the city came down in crowds on Sundays to see where 30,000 mourners had laid their true friend, the baker's son, and by their feet the grass of his grave was trodden bare. He died at the age of fifty-nine, of nothing so much as of over-work, and his only regret in dying was that he had done so little in a world where there is so much to do. Few men have ever done so much.



ARMORIAL BEARINGS
OF SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON, BART.



SCOTT'S HOUSE, CASTLE STREET.
'Poor No. 39.'



ROYAL EXCHANGE.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE NOTES.

BY WILLIAM BALLINGALL.

THE Royal Exchange is situated immediately opposite the eastern wing of Parliament Square. On the north side of the quadrangle, under the piazza, is the entrance to the Council Chambers, the main approach from the High Street being through an archway, as shown in the Engraving. Here, in September 1842, Queen Victoria, on her first visit to Edinburgh, was presented with the keys of the city. Hugh Miller in describing the Royal progress writes :—

‘There was the gleam of helmets, the flash of swords ; the shout rose high ; and as the vehicle in front moved on, there was a fluttering of scarfs and kerchiefs at every casement and in every gallery, as if a stiff breeze had swept by and shaken them as it passed. The city Magistrates in their scarlet robes had formed a group in front of the Exchange, and here the Royal vehicle paused, and the Lord Provost went through the ceremony of delivering the city keys into the hands of the Sovereign.’

As a link between the present and the past, the Corporation met in the Council Chambers on the 16th of August 1876, for the purpose of proceeding to Holyrood to present her Majesty with the keys of the city. On entering the presence-chamber at the Palace, the Lord Provost read the following address :—

‘May it please your Majesty,—We, your Majesty’s most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, offer for your Majesty’s gracious acceptance the keys of your good town of Edinburgh ; we thus surrender to your Majesty the custody of the city, and place the hearts and persons of the citizens with unfeigned devotion at the disposal of your Majesty ; and we earnestly beseech the Almighty that He may bless and long continue your Majesty’s reign over us, and ever have your Majesty and the members of your Royal House in His loving and holy keeping.’

The silver keys, to which are attached white and black ribbons, lay on a crimson velvet cushion in a silver salver. (For illustration see title-page.)

On the following day her Majesty unveiled the Albert Memorial in Charlotte Square. James Smith in his poem—a copy of which the Queen was graciously pleased to accept—writes :—

‘ Welcome to fair Dunedin’s bowers :	Lo ! mid the warlike trumpet’s blare,
Her lordly halls and regal towers,	And cheers that rend the balmy air,
Enwreath’d with bannerets and flowers,	Behold unveil’d a Statue fair,—
Fond wishes breathe to thee.	True likeness of the dead !
Hark to the shouts that greet thy name !	Calmly majestic and serene,
Hark to the bugle’s loud acclaim !	Prince Albert looks upon his Queen,
Roll on, the chariot of thy fame,	Who thinks on all that once hath been,
Queen of the Brave and Free !	And lowly bows her head.
Through mighty myriads, vast and dense,	Memorial from the hardy North,
Thou rovest void of fear ;	Embalm’d in sighs and tears ;
The people’s love thy sure defence,—	Fond tribute to departed worth,
Thy buckler, sword, and spear.	Through all the rolling years
God’s blessing possessing,	Descending, unending ;
Thy days illustrious shine	Proclaiming, Queen of Fame,
With glory ; while o’er thee,	The grandeur, the splendour
Peace, love, and joy entwine.	That crowns thy Husband’s name.’

On this occasion the sculptor, John Steell, R.S.A., and Professor Oakeley, received the honour of knighthood, and Lord Provost Falshaw the dignity of a Baronetcy.

With reference to an earlier Royal visit to Holyrood, the Queen in her Diary says :—‘ We saw the rooms where Queen Mary lived, her bed, the dressing-room into which the murderers entered who killed Rizzio, and the spot where he fell, where, as the old housekeeper said to me, “if the lady would stand on that side,” I would see that the boards were discoloured by the blood. Every step is full of historical recollections, and our living here is quite an epoch in the annals of this old pile, which has seen so many deeds, more bad, I fear, than good.’

Let us now suppose ourselves, as the scene in the Engraving suggests, by the Tron Church on a New Year’s eve. Looking down the street, the house of John Knox projects a little into the roadway ; nearer the eye, on the right of the picture, a modern turret leaning against the midnight sky marks the site of old Blackfriars’ Wynd ; while in the foreground the tall ‘lands’ on the left tell us where Fergusson the poet was born, and

‘ Whaur . . . Ramsay woo’d the Muses
In days long past.’

A light from Hunter Square falls upon the church, and looking above the



THE TRON CHURCH, GLASGOW.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT THE TRON CHURCH

'A GUID-NEW YEAR TO ANE AN' A',
AN' MONY MAY WE SEE.'

crowd, the eye rests on the Tron dial, and the words of Hugh Miller on the approach of the New Year occur to the mind—'After marking the red glare of Ætna reflected in the waves that slumber round the moles of Syracuse—after glancing on the towers of the seven-hilled city, and the hoary snows of the Alps—after speeding over France, over Flanders, over the waves of the German Sea, it will be with ourselves, and the tall ghostly tenements of Dun-Edin will re-echo the shouts of the High Street.' James Smith, in his sketches of Edinburgh life five-and-twenty years ago, graphically describes the scene :—'I sallied forth for a stroll along the busy streets. Every shop-window was looking gayer than another, particularly those of the bakers and confectioners, that presented a sight that was enough to gladden the eye of Epicurus. Currant loaves in thousands were there, buns of every hue and colour, cakes of shortbread containing proverbial expressions and happy wishes on their outside, done up tastefully with lemon-peel—"A happy New Year when it comes, an' mony returns"—"Mind twelve o'clock"—"Ye ken wha frae"—"Dinna forget"—"Hoo's a' wi' ye?"—"The simple man's the beggar's brither"—"A merry Christmas, and a happy New Year"—"May the mouse never leave yer meal-pock wi' a tear in its e'e"—"Happy wi' muckle, and canty wi' mair"—"Absent freen's"—"May the last year be the warst year, an' the next ane be the best ane." Loud rang the cheery cries on every side—"Almanacks! Almanacks! Belfast Almanacks!" I wandered up and down the streets until it was within a few minutes of the last hour of the dying year, and then joyfully formed one of the happy band of dare-devils that encircled the Tron Church; and when the momentous hour began to chime—the *hour of twelve*—I joined lustily in the cheery cry, "A happy New Year!" that rolled on the wintry air like thunder. Friend met friend, and stranger met stranger, with the right hand extended and the ever-welcome salutation—"A happy New Year—hurrah! a happy New Year!"

'Now and then, "Here's to the Year that's awa'!"

"Happy we've been a' thegither,
Canty we've been ane an' a'."

or—

"A gude New Year to ane an' a',
An' mony may we see,"—

a song of brilliant but unfortunate poor Sandy Hume, who now lies mouldering in the dust—a thorough musician and a true poet as well—fell on the ear like *sweet music*.' The custom is very similar at the present day.

There is a tradition that the Articles of Union between England and

Scotland were finally subscribed in a cellar opposite the entrance to the Tron Church. The place is presently occupied by a wicker-worker ; the bath on the left of the Engraving is used for steeping the osiers.



CELLAR IN WHICH THE UNION WAS SIGNED.



ANCHOR CLOSE.



CRAIG'S CLOSE.

At the foot of Cockburn Street (so named after the famous Lord of Session, whose country residence, Bonaly Tower,¹ is figured at page vi), is

¹ Now in possession of Professor Hodgson, Edinburgh University.



SHAFT OF THE CITY CROSS
AS IT STOOD IN THE GROUNDS AT DROM

(FROM THE ARTIST'S SKETCH BOOK.)

situated the Waverley Bridge and East Princes Street Gardens ; here, from a little above the Imperial Hotel, the accompanying view of the North Bridge is taken. The castellated turrets of the Jail tell in relief against the eastern



NORTH BRIDGE IN 1876.

sky ; down the slope the Royal High School is dimly seen in the morning haze ; in the middle distance rises the North Bridge, with its ungraceful modern parapet, contrasting unfavourably with the original structure. The



NORTH BRIDGE IN 1778.

alterations which have gradually taken place here within the last twenty years are very marked. On the site of the old Green Market rises the new spacious station of the North British Railway, on the north side of which is situated

the new Vegetable Market. The flat roof, on a level with Princes Street, is laid out in walks, from which fine views are obtained ; while on the south side of the station, there has recently been erected the retail Fish Market, which was opened on the 4th of November 1876, the same day as the West Princes Street Gardens were handed over to the public. Of the many closes that run into the High Street from Cockburn Street, we prefer approaching it by Anchor Close, rich in historical associations. Here resided the mother of Drummond of Hawthornden ; here Burns revised his earlier proofs in Smellie's printing-office, which stood on the site now occupied by the southern section of the *Scotsman* office ;—strange that in recent times, men of great genius and of kindred spirit with Burns should



TWEEDDALE COURT.

write their leaders there ! Passing into the High Street through what may be called the entrance to Smellie's printing-office, and pursuing our way westward, the first opening on the right is Craig's Close, notable as containing the printing and publishing house of Creech,—a portion of the building still remains and is shown in the Engraving. Glancing at those relics of the past, the mind naturally turns to the more remarkable of the present printing and



RENOVATED CHOIR, ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL

publishing houses of the city. Near at hand is that of the brothers Chambers, and from the little corner shop at the Bow we follow the Nelsons to their magnificent establishment at Hope Park ; Adam and Charles Black are in the North Bridge ; Oliver and Boyd in Tweeddale Court ;¹ and from the Old Town we accompany the Blackwoods to George Street in the New. Ranked with them are the names of Constable, Clark, and Ballantyne, as letterpress printers, and Johnston and Bartholomew as geographers and engravers.

Beside the memorial tablet to Napier of Merchiston, on the north wall of St. Giles's Cathedral, are the remains of the City Cross : Mr. Drummond's drawing shows the shaft as it stood in the grounds at Drum.



GREAT HALL IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

The renovated choir of St. Giles's Cathedral was opened on Sunday morning, 9th March 1873, by the Rev. Dr. Arnot. The magnificent stained glass windows by Ballantine add to the dignity of the venerable edifice, one of them forming a memorial to Stevenson, the engineer of the Bell Rock Lighthouse.

¹ Tweeddale House, associated with the family of that name, became afterwards the British Linen Company's Bank, and has been for a long period occupied by Messrs. Oliver and Boyd.

The great east window has been allocated to the Right Hon. the Lord Provost, Sir James Falshaw, Bart. The design, which is expected to be placed in the Church within a year from the present time, will be the gift of his Lordship to the city. We give an Engraving of the upper hall of the Signet Library, and also of the great hall in the Parliament House.

Proceeding southward, by George IV. Bridge and Forrest Road, to the northern approach to the Meadows, we notice on the right the New Royal Infirmary—of which there is an Engraving at page 48—a noble building still in course of erection; the foundation-stone was laid by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on 13th October 1870. The ground to the left, now occupied by Park Place and Teviot Row, is that on which the New University Buildings are to be erected. Park Place, of which an engraving is given, has an interesting history. Just a hundred years ago, Islay Campbell of Succoth, Lord Advocate of Scotland, and his friend John Tait of Harviestoun and Cumloden, W.S., being desirous to emerge from their more primitive dwellings, resolved to feu and build in a beautiful *park*, situated immediately to the east of the north end of the middle walk of the Meadows, of which the more southern part was formed on a causeway through the partially drained waters of the South *Loch*, afterwards forming the Meadows. On the most northern portion, the Lord Advocate erected No. 1 Park Place, a large mansion, having an extensive garden behind. Immediately to the south, and adjoining that of his friend, Mr. Tait built No. 2, another large house with garden attached; a few years later, Mr. Honyman, Advocate, established himself in No. 3, and not long afterwards, Mr. Hope Vere of Craigie Hall took possession of what was to be No. 4, thus completing the joint erection. '*Park Place*' was fixed on as the name of this private street, which with its gardens and pertinents covered a surface of several acres.

'Ross House,' which became the residence of the Commander-in-chief in Scotland, stood in its park directly to the *east* of the Park Place houses; and the large houses on the north and east sides of GEORGE SQUARE, being then in course of erection, the locality became the most coveted and aristocratic of that day. Visitors, levees, dinners, evening parties, balls, were unceasing; and every one of the four houses possessing large families of children, the small private street then teemed with life. The intimacy among the inhabitants being so great, those of Park Place, from their stable lane, allowed a passage for pedestrians towards the north-west corner of *George Square*. Islay Campbell soon afterwards became Lord President of the Court of Session, which he continued to be for twenty years, and on his resignation he was



LIBRARY OF THE SIGNET

UPPER HALL, SIGNET LIBRARY

created a Baronet, and retired to Garscube, his paternal estate. On Sir Islay Campbell leaving Park Place, his only son—who on the retirement of his father had been raised to the Bench as Lord Succoth, and had for some years occupied No. 4—removed to the larger mansion, No. 1. In 1795, Craufurd Tait, the only son of Mr. John Tait of Harviestoun, married a daughter of Sir Islay Campbell. Mr. John Tait soon afterwards gave up his house, No. 2, and his business, in favour of his son, and died on his estate of Harviestoun in 1800. No. 3 continued to be inhabited by Mr. Honyman, who became a Judge of the Court of Session as Lord Armadale, and married a daughter of the celebrated Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield. Being a great party man, No. 3 became a resort of the Whigs of the day, as No. 1 was of the Tory party. It was in No. 3 that 'the Major greeting for his parritch' was enacted, and really took place.



EDINBURGH ACADEMY.

Commissions in the army were then given to those having great interest, as a gift or pension to the fathers, in the shape of a provision for a child, and even some young ladies, it is said, actually held commissions as captains of dragoons, and drew pay as such, while children in the nursery in the same way got rank in the army. Lord Armadale having a large family, and being a great politician and jobber, was not unnaturally one so to benefit. But as it turned out, the commission in this case was not ill bestowed on 'the Baby Major,' for he afterwards died gallantly on the field of battle. On Lord

Armadales retirement from the Bench, he was made a Baronet, and he sold his house to Mr. Selkirk, a well-known accountant, who shortly afterwards died in it. It was then purchased by Mr. Archibald Constable,¹ the great publisher, who resided in it till his death in 1827.

No. 1 and No. 2 remained, until they were about to be demolished, in the respective families of their first proprietors; but No. 2 was the only one of the four houses which continued to the last in the possession of, and inhabited by, the family of the original proprietors. In it, on the 21st December 1811, Archibald Campbell Tait, the future Archbishop of Canterbury, was born. He was the seventh son of Craufurd Tait and Susan Campbell. From this house he went for a year to the High School, and for the subsequent three years he went daily to the 'Edinburgh Academy.' He was accompanied every morning by Thomas Constable, his immediate neighbour and dear friend through life, and by his cousin from No. 1, Ramsay Campbell, who in after life became Rector of Aston in Yorkshire, and died a few years ago in his cousin's arms at the Archbishop's country residence of Addington. In those days there was no George IV. Bridge, and the first part of the nearly two miles walk, or rather *run*, was (as a short cut) through dirty lanes or 'closes,' till the Mound was reached. Whenever in after life the Archbishop came to Edinburgh, his home was in No. 2 Park Place, and his elder surviving brothers continued to live in it till they were persuaded to migrate, and forward the views of the University. 'The Leaving Park Place' has become almost a matter of history from the touching lines of a modern Scotch poet and distinguished Judge, Lord Neaves.

'Ross House,' among its other changes, was for above thirty years a Lying-in Hospital, under the special care of Dr. James Hamilton, of European celebrity, and within its walls—for good or for evil—many thousands of the human race came into existence. The situation of *Park Place* may perhaps be best known in future by the *University Music Hall*, which about twelve years ago the proprietors of that private street allowed to be erected in the park immediately to the east of them, and over which they had a servitude.

The site of the convent of St. Catherine of Sienna, a little to the south of the East Meadows, is marked by a suitable inscription on an iron tablet placed there by Mr. George Seton, Advocate, an accomplished scholar and antiquary, who has preserved some of the stones of the ancient edifice in the

¹ Before coming to Park Place, Mr. Constable resided at the beautiful and interesting mansion of Craigcrook.



PARK PLACE, AND MUSIC CLASSROOM OF THE UNIVERSITY.

form of a cairn within his grounds at St. Bennet's. The last fragment was demolished in 1871. We give an Engraving of the entrance to the modern Convent of St. Margaret's, about a mile to the westward.



CAIRN AT ST. BENNET'S.

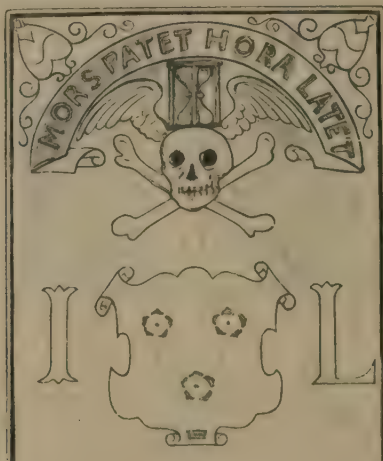
Beside Ashfield Villa, at the north-eastern extremity of Chamberlain Road, leading from Greenhill Gardens to Merchiston, is a small unroofed enclosure, which appears to have been used as a place of burial during the last visitation of the Plague in the year 1645. The entrance door is sur-



ENTRANCE TO ST. MARGARET'S CONVENT

mounted by a pedimental stone, bearing the letters I · L and E · R, with the date 1645; and on the inner side of the west wall is a large incised slab, measuring 6 feet 8 inches by rather more than 3 feet. The upper portion

of this slab, containing the shield of arms, appears in the annexed Engraving; the lower portion is occupied with the inscription, which we give below :



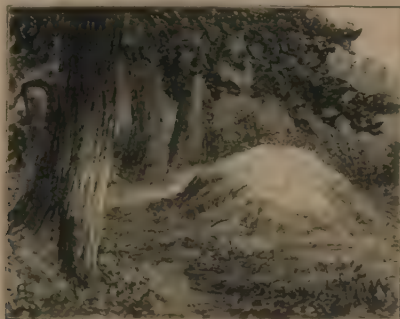
THIS SAINT WHOS CORPS LYES BU
RIED HEIR
LET ALL POSTERITIE ADMEIR
FOR VPRIGHT LIF IN GODLY FEIR
WHEN IUDGMENTS DID THIS LAND
SURROUND
HE WITH GOD WAS WALKING FOUND
FOR WHICH FROM MIDST OF FEIRS (?)
HE'S CROUND
HEIR TO BE INTERRD BOTH HE
AND FREIND BY PROVIDENC AGRIE
NO AGE SHAL LOS HIS MEMORIE
HIS AGE 53 DIED
1645.

According to local tradition, the monument commemorates John Lawson of Greenhill, Treasurer or Chamberlain of Edinburgh, who, with his friend Hugh Wright (after whom 'Wright's Houses' is said to be named), was most devoted in his attention to the sufferers from the plague in the year above referred to; and having himself fallen a victim to the fatal epidemic, was buried within the enclosure, which then probably formed a conspicuous object on the old Borough Muir.¹ While the initials (I · L.), on each side of the

¹ The slab is mentioned in Dr. Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh* (l. 165), where, however, the author makes some unaccountable mistakes respecting the arms, motto, and initials.

escutcheon, confirm the tradition in question, the armorial bearings (three cinquefoils) are not those pertaining to the surname of Lawson, but to that of *Livingston*; and moreover it appears, from the city records, that the Town Treasurer or Chamberlain, up to Martinmas 1645, was John Fairholme, his successor in office being John Jossie, the friend of George Heriot.

On the north wall of the mansion-house of Greenhill, in the immediate neighbourhood of the enclosure, is a semicircular stone with the letters already mentioned (I · L and E · R), under the date 1637; and on a similar stone, in the west wall, is an ornamental escutcheon, surmounted by the initials E · R, and charged with a saltire between a mullet in chief and a crescent in base, bearing a close resemblance to the armorial seal of Hugh Rigg of Carberry, described in Nisbet's *System of Heraldry*. In all probability, the initials E · R (Elizabeth Rigg?) indicate the wife of a certain John Livingston, whose virtues are recorded on the monumental slab; and this view is corroborated by the following entry in the Register of Proclamations and Marriages for the city of Edinburgh:—20 Aprilis 1626. Johnne Levingstoun Merchant, Elizabeth Rig.' Above the initials on the north wall, on a small semicircular stone surmounted by a crescent, are some scriptural lines; while the ninth verse of the thirty-fourth Psalm is inscribed on a similar stone adjoining the escutcheon on the west wall:—‘O feare the Lord yee His saints; for there is no want to them that feare Him.’



KNOLL NEAR BRUNTSFIELD HOUSE.

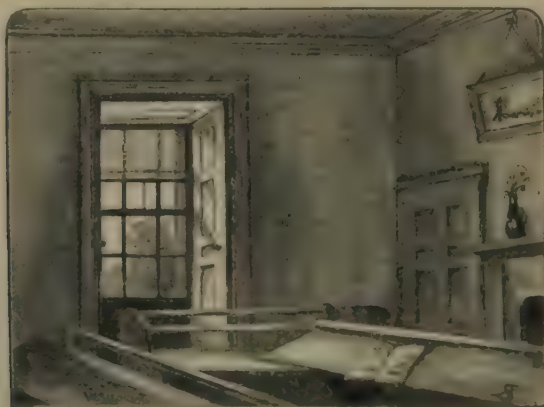
Near the south-eastern corner of Bruntsfield Links is an interesting knoll, from which the chivalrous James IV. is said to have surveyed his army previous to the battle of Flodden. In the formation of a new street through the grounds of Sir George Warrender, this historical spot will probably soon be removed, the hand of the spoiler is even now upon it.

In addition to the small vignette of the eastern wing of Merchiston Castle at page 40, we give an Engraving of the room in which Logarithms were invented. It is reached by a narrow spiral staircase, at the top of which three



THE NAPIER ROOM

descending steps lead into the interesting apartment, from the windows of which charming views are obtained.



ROOM IN WHICH CHALMERS DIED

Leaving Merchiston Castle, we reach the house, at the western extremity of Churchill — now occupied as a young ladies' boarding school — where the illustrious Dr. Chalmers spent his latter years. The hallowed chamber in

which he died is situated on the ground floor to the right of the entrance door, the window looking to the pleasing outlines of the Braid Hills and the more distant range of the Pentlands.

Returning to the city by the Melville Drive and Clerk Street, we pass the Literary Institute, the southern counterpart of the Philosophical Institution, and the Blind Asylum in Nicolson Street. In connection with the latter, we give an Engraving of the New Royal Blind Asylum at West Craigmillar. The memorial stone was laid on 22d May 1876, by Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart., Grand Master Mason of Scotland, when the Asylum was formally opened by his Grace the Lord High Commissioner, the Right Hon. the Earl of Galloway.¹



NEW ROYAL BLIND ASYLUM.

Passing the front of the University, of which the Earl of Derby is the present Rector, and of which an Engraving is given at page 20, we notice at the inner end of the Quadrangle the marble statue of the late Sir David Brewster, the predecessor of the present Principal, Sir Alexander Grant, Bart.

¹ The other benevolent Institutions in the city are numerous. Besides the well-known Ragged Schools of Dr. Robertson and Dr. Guthrie, two Institutions call for a passing notice. 'The Edinburgh Industrial Brigade' appeals to the sympathies of the public as affording what was formerly a missing link in the chain of charitable effort to rescue destitute and homeless lads, by stepping in to supply their needs when too old for the ragged schools. The Institution, while thoroughly Protestant in its teaching and influence, is otherwise unsectarian. 'The United Industrial School of Edinburgh' is founded on a broader basis, the principles being that the religious instruction is distinct from the ordinary education given to the children.

Approaching the Cowgate by Infirmary Street and the High School Wynd, we are reminded of the pathetic story of *Rab and his Friends*, by Dr. John Brown, which opens so happily: 'Four-and-thirty years ago, Bob Ainslie



HIGH SCHOOL WYND



OLD HIGH SCHOOL



THE MINT

and I were coming up Infirmary Street from the High School, our heads together and our arms intertwined, as only lovers and boys know how or why.' The small engraving on the right shows the old High School, and that on the



HOUSE OF CARDINAL BEATON.
AND THE COWGATE LOOKING EAST



STONE REMINGTON PUBLISHED 1851

BLACKFRIARS' WYND

left the High School Wynd. In the Cowgate, at the foot of Blackfriars' Wynd, stood Cardinal Beaton's house, in the neighbourhood of the Mint, also recently demolished. At the foot of Carrubber's Close, on the north side of the High



ST. PAUL'S.



PLAYHOUSE CLOSE.

Street, there is an interesting ecclesiastical relic, St. Paul's, the oldest Episcopal chapel in the city; here also stood Whitefield Chapel, originally opened by



WHITE HORSE INN.



PANMURE CLOSE.

Allan Ramsay as a theatre in 1736, but closed the following year. It was in Playhouse Close, Canongate, that the first regular theatre in Edinburgh was erected, where, on the evening of the 14th of December 1746,

tional powers and pleasing manners are still remembered by a few of the oldest denizens of the Scottish Metropolis. For a good many years Whiteford House has been occupied by a large typefounding establishment, its present tenants being the 'Marr Typefounding Company,' formerly in New Street; while the owner of the property is Mrs. Gosnell (*née* Sinclair), now residing in London.

On the same side of the Canongate as Whiteford House, but much higher up, is 'Seton's Close,' now numbered 267. 'Seton's Land' is mentioned in a song embraced in a manuscript collection compiled about 1760, and printed in the second volume of Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*, where it is stated that there was *another* house in the now extinct Libberton's Wynd, distinguished by the name of 'Seton's Land.' The song celebrates the charms of a certain 'bonnie Mally Lee,' and the couplet which refers to 'Seton's Land' runs as follows:—

'Frae *Seton's Land* a Countess fair looked owre a window hie,
And pined to see the genty shape of bonnie Mally Lee.'

Although the city of Edinburgh no longer contains any lapidarian record of the family of Seton,—to say nothing of Pinkie in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh,—we have only to cross the eastern border of the county, in order to find several important indications of their former renown. The site of the old Palace of Seton, 'one of the glories of the Lothians,' is occupied by an uninteresting modern mansion in the English Baronial style, for which we are indebted to a certain 'barbarous Celt,' by whom the earlier edifice was most wantonly demolished about the year 1790. 'Round about it, in the shape of old walls and abutments, venerable trees and an ancient orchard, are the scattered remains of the departed Palace; but there remains one object truly worthy of representing the ancient magnificence of the spot, in the ruins of the Collegiate Church endowed by the House of Seton, which they proudly placed, in the fulness of their patronising and protecting power, within the cincture of their Palace walls.' . . . 'Scotland owes many of her architectural ornaments to the munificent taste of the family of Seton. They built Seton Church, and the Palace adjoining it, which has now disappeared. They built, according to their family historian, the old bridge of Musselburgh, which tradition makes a Roman work. That peculiar and beautiful structure, Winton House, was erected as a mansion for the head of the family. Lastly, Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline, who added the ornamental parts to

Pinkie, was the same who got built for himself the even more stately and beautiful Castle of Fyvie.¹

A good many years ago, the Society of Scottish Antiquaries memorialised the Earl of Wemyss, the proprietor of Seton Church, to restore the venerable fane; and although the proposal has not been carried into effect, every effort has been made to preserve the building from decay. In Lord Winton's answer to his impeachment in the year 1716 (*State Trials*, xv. 805), after referring to the insults which he had experienced from those acting in the name of the Government, he states that 'the most sacred places did not escape their fury and resentment; they broke into his chapel, defaced the monuments of his ancestors, took up the stones of their sepulchres, thrust irons through their bodies, and treated them in a most barbarous, inhuman, and unchristian-like manner.' Notwithstanding this outrageous sacrilege, a number of interesting slabs and other monuments still exist in tolerably good



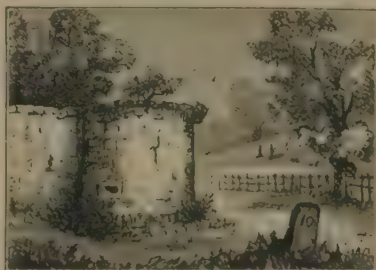
BELL OF SETON CHURCH.

condition. The curious bell, forged in Holland, which originally belonged to the church, was long used in the parish kirk of Tranent, from which it was removed, a few years ago, to Gosford House. It bears the following Dutch inscription, of which only a portion appears in the annexed engraving, from a careful drawing executed in 1851:—*Iacop eis mynen naem ghegoten van Adriaen Steylaert int iaer MCCCCCLXXVII.*'

Not the least interesting portion of the 'old walls and abutments' already referred to, is the Roundle at the south-west corner of the old garden wall of

¹ Billings' *Antiquities of Scotland*, vol. iv.—Seton Church and Pinkie House. 'The House of Seton or Winton, on account of its great connections and ramifications, besides the antiquity of its descent, would seem now to be the noblest in Scotland. They were a fine specimen in many respects of a high baronial family, from the magnificence and state they maintained at their "Palace of Seton"—expressly so called in royal grants under the Sign-manual, and identified with the memory of Queen Mary,—their consistency, loyalty, and superior advancement to their countrymen in the arts and civilised habits of society.'—Riddell's *Peerage Law*, i. 49.

Seton, in which James the Sixth was 'graciously pleased to rest himself,' the day on which he journeyed from Holyrood to London, to take possession of the English Crown.¹ With the following allusion to that touching incident Tytler concludes his *History of Scotland*:—'As the monarch passed the House of Seton, near Musselburgh, he was met by the funeral of the Earl of Winton, a nobleman of high rank; which, with its solemn movement and sable trappings, occupied the road, and contrasted strangely and gloomily with the brilliant pageantry of the royal cavalcade. The Setons were one of the oldest and proudest families of Scotland; and (the father of) that Lord whose mortal remains now passed by, had been a faithful adherent of the King's mother: whose banner he had never deserted, and in whose cause he had suffered exile and proscription. The meeting was thought ominous by the people. It appeared, to their excited imagination, as if the moment had arrived when the aristocracy of Scotland was about to merge in that of Great Britain; as if the Scottish nobles had finished their career of national glory, and this last representative of their race had been arrested on



THE ROUNDLE.

his road to the grave, to bid farewell to the last of Scotland's kings. As the mourners moved slowly onward, the monarch himself, participating in these melancholy feelings, sat down by the wayside, on a stone still pointed out to the historical pilgrim; nor did he resume his progress till the gloomy procession had completely disappeared.'

While Seton Church and Winton House are both about three miles beyond the eastern border of Midlothian, Niddry Castle, in Linlithgowshire—another possession of the Seton family—is within a still shorter distance of its western boundary. Prettily situated on a tributary of the Almond Water, a

¹ Sir Richard Maitland's *History of the House of Seytoun*, p. 60. The cut of the Roundle in the text is from a sketch made in 1824. Both the Roundle and the adjoining road were slightly altered when the North British Railway was constructed in 1845.

little to the east of Winchburgh station, the old square keep is distinctly seen from the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway. It is well known that the unfortunate Mary Stuart found shelter within its massive walls, on her flight from Loch Leven to the disastrous field of Langside, in 1568. Her loyal host and protector¹ was long commemorated by a brief inscription on an oblong stone tablet surmounting the east window of the Castle. Unfortunately, the tablet has disappeared within the last few years ; but the restoration of the inscription is contemplated by the Earl of Hopetoun, to whom the ancient structure now belongs. The tablet appears on the following page.



THE OLD YEW TREE.

While leaving the more historical features, let us glance for a little at the picturesque, and from the Dean Cemetery, with its memories of departed

¹ George, seventh Lord Seton, who was Provost of Edinburgh in 1557. He was the elder brother of John, first Baron of Cariston in the county of Fife, and half-brother of Mary Seton, one of the 'four Maries' in attendance upon the beautiful Scottish Queen. The office of Provost was also held by his distinguished son Alexander, Earl of Dunfermline (younger brother of the first Earl of Winton), from 1598 to 1607. Lord Dunfermline, whose armorial ensigns appear in the upper portion of the great south window in the Parliament House, was appointed President of the Court of Session in 1593, and discharged the duties of Chancellor of Scotland from 1604 till his death at Pinkie in 1622. Impartial as a judge and able as a statesman, he is praised by both Spottiswoode and Calderwood.

genius—where lie buried John Goodsir, ‘Christopher North,’ Sir William Allan, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Rutherford, Playfair, David Scott, Dr. Warburton Begbie, and other illustrious men—we ramble on by the village of the Water of Leith, the Dean Bridge, St. Bernard’s Well, and visit the Royal Botanic Gardens, in order to enjoy the delightful vistas of the city, and to turn to the old yew-tree flourishing as in its younger days when it grew in the Physic Gardens. To the north-west lies Fettes College, a magnificent modern edifice; nearer is situated Inverleith House, for many years the residence of the learned Professor Cosmo Innes. Warriston Cemetery is the last resting-place of Adam Black, the eminent publisher, Professor Simpson, Sir George Harvey, and Alexander Smith, whose words—as we look at Mr. Bough’s drawing (see Frontispice), taken from a point close by, occur to the mind—‘with castle, tower, church spire, and pyramid rising into sunlight.’ Returning cityward by Pitt Street and Dundas Street, we turn to the right, along Queen Street, passing No. 52, where Sir James Simpson died. The first opening on the left is North Castle Street, with its memories of Sir Walter Scott. A French critic has said that it was appropriate that the *three* Graces and the *nine* Muses should take up their abode there—at No. 39. How fondly Scott loved this residence is told in his own touching words:—‘*March 15, 1826.*—This morning I leave No. 39 Castle Street for the last time. “The cabin was convenient,” and habit had made it agreeable to me. . . . So farewell, poor No. 39! What a portion of my life has been spent there! It has sheltered me from the prime of life to its decline; and now I must bid good-bye to it.’ (See Engraving, page 51.)



TABLET FORMERLY AT NIDDERY CASTLE.



WATER OF LEITH AND ST BERNARD'S WELL





GREENWICH HOTEL

MODERN DWELLINGS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY H. G. REID,

Author of 'Past and Present,' 'Life of the Rev. John Skinner,' etc.

ONE morning in the year 1861, the inhabitants of Edinburgh were startled by the intimation of an occurrence which left sorrowful memories, redeemed only by the influence which it had in helping on a great social reform. During the night a huge pile of old buildings had given way and fallen, burying many of the dwellers amidst the ruins. Prompt exertions were made to remove the *débris*, and save as many of the unfortunate sufferers as might be possible. A large space had been almost cleared; the workmen had mounted the ladder to complete some portion of their dangerous and disagreeable task, when they heard a voice cry—'Heave awa', chaps, I'm no dead yet!' Over an archway in the High Street is carved the figure of the little hero, and this motto marks the spot. The event aroused much sympathy, and called attention at once to the defective condition of workmen's dwellings in Edinburgh, and the efforts that were being made to effect an improvement. To one movement in particular, which has assumed large dimensions, and exercised a widely beneficial influence here and elsewhere, it is our special purpose to call attention.

Various causes had combined to produce the state of matters that existed, and still unfortunately exists to a large extent, notwithstanding all that has been done.

Edinburgh, beautiful for situation, and rich in noble and historic buildings, had long been deficient in respect to the dwellings of the people. In course of years the Old Town mansions, spacious for their time and purpose, and picturesque even in their ruins, were deserted by their wealthy occupants, and converted by a process of partitioning into tenements for the working classes.

In the march of progress it was necessary to construct new streets, and erect railway stations and public buildings. To make way for these improvements, whole blocks of buildings occupied by the poor were swept away, and no adequate provision was made for those whose dwelling-place had been removed. Thus, while the demand for houses was necessarily increasing, from the natural growth of the population, the number of houses was being steadily diminished.

The inevitable result was that tenements already too small and overcrowded were further subdivided; families and lodgers were crowded into hovels having neither light nor air nor seclusion; the High Street, and the lanes and alleys which extend from it on either side like so many arteries, formed the chief centre for the working people; and many of the sober and industrious, able and willing to pay a reasonable rent for a comfortable house, were compelled to seek shelter in these abodes. Some conception may be thus conveyed:—An archway four or five feet wide leads through the breadth of the first 'land' into a close, not much wider, where the houses rise story above story till the light of heaven is almost excluded. A long, narrow, winding stair leads through darkness and dilapidation, to what is meant for a door. Knock; the door, hingeless and broken perhaps, is opened, and you are admitted with ostentatious civility. Here, then, is a room ten feet by eight, with what seems but a hole in the wall, dignified with the name of 'a dark bedroom;' the roof is cracked; the walls bear traces of damp and rain; the window is small, and the light admitted scarcely sufficient to reveal the faces of seven inmates,—a father, a mother, and five children, doomed to this living death. In another apartment—or rather over the slender partition—four children and their parents, a son-in-law, and a lodger, who could find no other place, live together.

The census of 1861 revealed the startling facts that in Edinburgh 121 families lived in one-roomed houses, without a window; and that 13,000 families—not less than 66,000 individuals—lived in houses of a single apartment, 1500 of which had from six to fifteen inhabitants in each.

Some time before the occurrence of the sad event already mentioned, a few working men had banded themselves together, with the view of seeking deliverance from the position in which they were placed. One evening in the month of April 1861, six or seven masons met with a friend in a dingy room, down a dingy close, not far from where Hugh Miller, the prince of masons, used to write his sagacious 'leaders,' and issue those chapters in his life-history which have inspired and directed many a lowly worker in Scotland.

The necessity of doing something to provide better house-accommodation was fully realised ; the difficulties in carrying out any comprehensive and complete scheme were perceived ; the prospects of success, and the chances of failure were put into the scales with deliberate impartiality. The origin and outcome of this movement mark an epoch in the modern annals of Edinburgh. Quietly and steadily the workers plodded on, against ignorance, prejudice, and interested opposition. With undivided zeal they set their minds to the task of organisation, and there was no example then to guide them. Public meetings were held at which men of influence, who intelligently sympathised with the scheme, gave addresses ; appeals were made and information was diffused through the press. Gradually a capital of £10,000, and then of £20,000, was accumulated ; land was purchased, and building commenced. In fifteen years accommodation has been provided for well-nigh 10,000 individuals, and houses have been erected to the value of not less than £300,000—the dividends, which have ranged from seven to fifteen per cent., contributing towards the comfort of many thousands.

Had nothing more been done, this would have been a great industrial triumph, and although we claim nothing for it but a successful and well-directed combination for a specific end, the influence does not terminate with the financial results ; it is many-sided, and bears the impress of a high moral and social purpose. As a commercial undertaking—as a means of social amelioration and industrial advancement—as a practical illustration of what unity, economy, and perseverance can do, the Edinburgh Co-operative Building Company must be accepted as a signal success. It may not have solved any great problem, but it has certainly established the fact that good and pleasantly situated houses for workmen can be erected so as to meet all sanitary requirements, and yield a fair return on the capital invested. The houses may not realise our highest ideal, but they will compare favourably in every respect with the best of the class erected elsewhere ; they vary in size and internal arrangements ; for the most part they are two stories high, and contain from three to six moderately sized apartments, with every convenience, the best sanitary arrangements, and (as at Stockbridge) a plot of ground twenty feet square in front, and the use of an ample bleaching green. The first row of houses or street erected was named Reid Terrace. Hugh Miller Place followed ; elsewhere Colville Place—named in recognition of one of the chief workers. Many other places, terraces, and streets gradually rose up, making here a goodly town, surrounded (as shown in our illustration) by picturesque scenery, and containing within itself every healthful and elevating influence.

One feature in these modern dwellings for the people is specially notable and rare, so far as Edinburgh is concerned. They are self-contained—each family having a separate entrance. The localities of the buildings are Stockbridge, Norton Place, Dalry Road, Hawthorne Bank, Edinburgh ; Henderson Road, and Restalrig, Leith. The houses are chiefly the property of the occupants, and have been acquired by the simple and easy process of paying a moderate rental. Since this movement was commenced, the earnest attention of social reformers has been largely directed to the truth that thousands of workmen and their families are dragging out a miserable existence in abodes where comfort and refinement are unattainable. Small, without properly separated apartments, badly lighted, and indifferently ventilated, their internal arrangements obstruct and discourage the pursuit of knowledge, and mar all domestic and intellectual enjoyment.

No notice of the beneficial change which has taken place in Edinburgh would be complete without some recognition of the scheme initiated during the Lord-Provostship of Mr. William Chambers for the removal of decayed buildings and the erection on their sites of houses containing all the modern requirements attainable under existing conditions.

Notwithstanding all that has been done, there is still a wide field for extended effort. All honour is due to the Peabodys, the model mill-owners, and the civic corporations who have from their own resources, or aided by the State, done so much to wipe out the blackest stain on modern civilisation, and whose splendid efforts are a monument of enlightened philanthropy. But such generous and wisely directed action is and must ever be of rare occurrence and partial application. Beautiful and beneficial in itself, it can only affect a small portion of the vast wage-receiving class, and cannot be reduced to a self-acting system dependent upon the will and ability of a limited class ; it must always be fitful and uncertain. What we want is some simple agency, easily understood, within the reach of all, and of universal application ; and this we have in the principle of combined action as illustrated by the Edinburgh movement. It has been put to the test of practical experience ; and in Glasgow and many English towns the example is being followed with the most beneficent results.





EDINBURGH FROM 'REST AND BE THANKFUL'

QUEENSFERRY TO MUSSELBURGH, ALONG THE SHORE,

WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE NOTES OF THE
DIFFERENT TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. MILL.

SOUTH QUEENSFERRY,

In the north-east of the county of Linlithgow, is a parish of small extent, and lies on the shore of the Forth. Generally, it is supposed to have taken its name from Margaret, the Queen of Malcolm Canmore, in consequence of her crossing here in her frequent excursions to and from Edinburgh and Dunfermline. It is certainly a place of great antiquity, evidences of which are abundant enough, both in and around the town, in the structures and relics still extant.

The town itself is small and of rather mean appearance. No houses of any style or importance are found in it; while its streets, narrow and short, with a number of lanes and alleys of a somewhat dark and dingy character, but, on the whole, clean and tidy, with a fresh healthy air about them, do not add to its importance. How it may have looked in the days when Margaret was wont to pass through it on her many benevolent and political embassies, we cannot say: not just as it does now indeed; and yet, after all, not any very great change since then may have passed over it. There is a sort of old-world look about it, a kind of air of eld, that reminds one very strongly of far-back times; and although none of the present structures could, by any possibility, have witnessed the queenly splendour and royal pomp of the kind-hearted and well-beloved wife of Canmore in her journeyings through it to and from the city, still not a few of them cannot, from their appearance, be many generations later than that period.

Queensferry, it would seem, formed part of the parish of Dalmeny until

the year 1636, when it was disjoined and erected into a parish and royal burgh. The reasons which led to this we have not been able to learn ; but no doubt they were quite satisfactory to the movers in the matter of that day. As a regality its magistracy consists of a provost, a land bailie, two sea bailies, a dean of guild, and a town-council. How these worthies demeaned themselves in their 'sage devisings for the public weal' in days long gone by is very amusing, as the burgh records relate ; but hardly less so than their more distant successors, especially on the occasion of the election of a parish minister or parliamentary representative. It is but a year or two since this little sea-side town bulked very largely in the public eye in these respects ; and really, the way in which 'those then in authority' conducted themselves on both occasions was ludicrously picturesque. We remember reading the reports of their sayings and doings at the period, as given in the journals, with the intensest zest—the *Scotsman* and the *Daily Review*, for the time being, actually taking the place of *Punch* and *Fun*, and affording almost as great an amount of real hearty, laughable enjoyment. Not that we thought meanly of the little burgh then, or would speak depreciatingly of it now : we merely felt how absurdly funny it was that 'honest folks,' as a douce town-council, should so entirely lose their heads, and break with common sense, as to make themselves the *on dit* of the nation in that very unenviable sense of the phrase.

The surroundings of this breezy little seaside town are very interesting. A little to the west is a place called the Binks, rendered historical by the landing of Edgar Atheling, with his mother Agatha, and his sisters Margaret and Christina, when driven forth by Norman conquest from home and country ; Port Edgar, farther westward still, is hardly less memorable from the twofold circumstance, of being the rock on which the same Saxon prince landed a year after, when again driven to seek safety in flight from the high-handedness of dynastic usurpation, and the place selected, a few centuries later, for the embarkation of his Majesty George IV., on his return, from his visit to Scotland, into England ; then on the right again, and nearly half-way to the other ferry, stands 'old Garvey's castled cliff,' abruptly lifting its huge black back from the waters of the Firth, and threatening 'with its teathed embrasures every daring foe,' a bold and picturesque object ; while on the opposite shore, and within tidal mark, as sung by Cririe—

'Rosyth

Lifts high her towering head, in ruins now,
Of noble Stuarts once the fortress strong,'



CUTTER AND BRIG OFF QUEENSLERRY.

a castle famous in traditional lore as the birthplace of Cromwell's mother, and which the 'Protector' is said to have visited during his invasion of the nation; in like manner Dundas Hill with its wonderful range of basaltic columns, eight hundred feet high and two hundred broad; and Blackness away in the distance, the state prison of a former age, darkly looming on a narrow point of land jutting out into the Firth, the ancient harbour of Linlithgow—

‘Where Rome's strong galleys found a safe retreat,
And Commerce moored her richly-freighted fleet;’

—all these may be taken as forming remarkable and deeply interesting features in the landscape, of which Queensferry may be regarded as the standpoint, and lending a charm and attractiveness to the place which in itself it would not possess.

DALMENY.

Journeying eastward through a beautifully diversified district, of undulating character and great fertility, we enter this parish. Like Queensferry, it lies in the county of Linlithgow, is well enclosed, finely wooded, and richly cultivated, and now embraces Auldcathy within its area, which was formerly an independent parish. There are in it also one or two quarries of excellent freestone, which have long been very remuneratively worked, and are even yet far from being exhausted.

Of the village which takes the name of the parish very little need be said. It is just such a rural village as is frequently to be met with in the country districts of Scotland. It is chiefly remarkable for its fine old church, which is in the Saxon style of architecture, and has long been justly admired. Its apse, or semicircular recess, with its semicircular windows and semi-vaulted dome, is regarded as the best and most perfect specimen of this ancient kind of structure now existing in Scotland. Perhaps we may add that in the church of the next parish, Kirkliston, there is likewise an interesting relic of this same order of edifice, in the form of a circular doorway, in a good state of preservation.

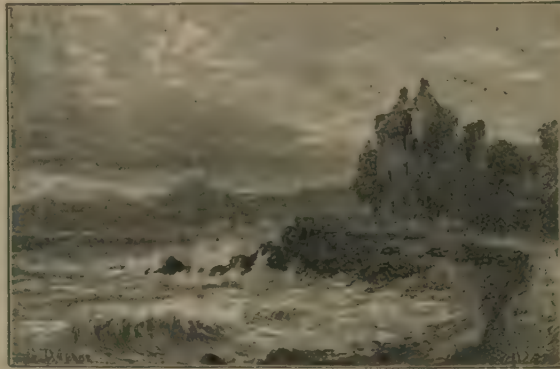
A very noticeable feature of this district is that, within so narrow a compass, comparatively, there should be found adorning it the stately seats of so many families of distinction. Here we have Craigie Hall, a handsome old mansion, inviting to peace and retirement by the deep quiet and sage serenity of its aspect: there Dundas Castle, a massive and substantial structure of

baronial dignity and lordly importance, eloquent of the wonderful tales of the summers that have smiled, and the winters that have frowned upon it : while on the other hand, again, Dalmeny Park,

‘ Seated on its spreading lawn,
Lifts high its princely head,’

the palatial residence of the Earls of Rosebery, the noble successors of the daring and gallant Mowbrays of olden Scottish story. Indeed, there are few districts so highly favoured in this way, the mansions and grounds of these and other opulent families throughout it, lending a beauty and an interest to the locality, particularly if visited in the happy summer-time, which is truly charming.

Perhaps we should remark that Dundas Castle and Dalmeny Park, presently occupied, are comparatively modern structures, built, if we mistake



BARNBOGLE CASTLE.

not, within the century, not very far from their aged predecessors which are still standing. Old Dundas Castle, dating from 1120, is a commanding object, hoary and grey, and reminding one strongly of some old veteran warrior who has seen some severe fighting in his day, and bears upon him the scars of his wounds as trophies of his victories. Barnbougle Castle again is hardly less venerable, and equally suggestive of old-world memories. Possibly there may be much that is merely legendary about the daring exploits and chivalrous deeds of the gallant Mowbrays, of freebooter fame ; still, with a large deduction in that sense, there must yet have been a great deal that was fearlessly heroic and generously noble in that doughty family. Those relics of the olden time when ‘ micht was richt ’ and ‘ he who wins should wear,’ are

very interesting, and have a romance and fascination about them which structures of a more modern day, although adorned with all the taste and beauty which the most cultivated art can lend them, do not possess. Gifted with speech, what wild tales of wassail and riot, love and hate, friendship and revenge, marriage and feud, could they not relate !

Possibly Dalmeny Park is the object of greatest interest in this neighbourhood, remarkable alike for the beauty of its position and the rich and varied scenery of which it forms the centre. We have visited few places with which we have been more pleased, and seen fewer sights still which we have so thoroughly enjoyed. The bold waving surface of the demesne, with its noble avenue of trees, magnificent park, and pleasant pastures fringed with long ridges of rocks and canopied by a foliage of the most luxuriant growth ; the majestic Forth almost at your feet, stretching away east and west, gemmed with many an island, dotted with innumerable craft of varied sail, and seemingly banked by that massive rock-ribbed barrier of mountains which forms the boundary of the Highlands ; the rich and rugged scenery on either side, with here and there in the very front of it some old castellated fortress, now 'all tattered and torn,' but big with the memories of former struggles and triumphs, standing out in clear and bold relief, the time-scarred sentinel of the neighbourhood—all this taken together constitutes a scene, the wide extent and varied beauty and grandeur of which may be equalled, but rarely surpassed, and from which painter and poet alike may inbreathe the purest and divinest inspiration.

CRAMOND,

A parish partly in the counties of Linlithgow and Edinburgh, lies a little to the east of Dalmeny, with the beautifully wooded Hill of Corstorphine on the south. It is intersected by the river Almond, which flows on somewhat noisily here over its rugged and boulder-strewn bed, between steep banks and under a foliage with which it is almost arched, and falls into the sea at a creek, on the east side of which, on a gently declining brae, stands the sweet little village of the name. The arable pasture of the parish has long been in a state of high cultivation, and is generally remunerative—the remainder consisting of large valuable plantations and rich meadow pastures. A very interesting and pleasant walk for foot-passengers, along the shore-line from this to Leith, might be constructed at little or no expense ; but as it is, it is rather heavy plodding to get along over the dried sand ; besides, one is exposed occasionally to be overtaken by the waves which rise in spring-tides,

and dash against the very boundary-walls of the various proprietors in the neighbourhood.

Maitland tells us that this village anciently was a naval Roman station, 'which had not only a safe and commodious harbour, but, from the *vestigia* of the military ways still remaining, appears to have had those Roman roads leading to it from south, east, and west.' That it had been a Roman town, originally, is obvious enough from the number of Roman antiquities which have from time to time been picked up in and around it: a large square stone, for example, was found there with an eagle sculptured on it, grasping the lightning in its talons and holding a crown in its beak; so about the same time, and not very far from the same place, was discovered the base of a column, with a medal of *Faustina*, consort to M. Antonius, buried under it; while farther inwards in the same direction, again, a few years after, 'divers stonern walls,' of great thickness, were laid bare, running parallel to each other, on and besides which was got a large number of Roman medals, fibula, and potsherds or broken urns. Accordingly, from these and other circumstances of less moment, antiquaries have concluded, and not without good reason apparently, that this nice little village was anciently a Roman station.

Ecclesiastically, Cramond is not without interest. It is related that David I., in his desire to introduce English Barons into Scotland, gifted one-half of the manor of Cramond, with its church, to Robert Avenel, as an inducement to him to remain in, and others probably to come over into, his kingdom, which gift the pious Robert afterwards transferred to the Bishop of Dunkeld. The church was in Nether-Cramond, and the locality, after the transference was effected, was called Bishop's Cramond: the other portion of the parish, remaining with the crown, was called for a similar reason King's Cramond. Bishop's Cramond, in consequence of the interest thus acquired in it by the diocese of Dunkeld, was occasionally honoured by a temporary residence of the bishop at it: one of them in the year 1210, as we are given to understand, actually conferring upon the sweet, little, unpretentious place the very distinguished honour of dying in it, whence his remains were removed with great pomp and solemnity, and interred in the monastery of Inchcolm. In the church here there were two altars, one consecrated to Columba, the patron saint of Dunkeld, and the other to the holy Virgin. Up to the Reformation the parish remained 'a mensal cure' of the Bishop of Dunkeld, and was served by a vicar: after the Reformation, the endowments for the support of the chaplains were acquired by the Earl of Haddington, while the

property of the bishops, which was not inconsiderable, was very unjustly seized on by the greedy hand of Sir James Elphinstone, subsequently Lord Balmerino.

The origin of the name is yet a mooted point. Chambers tells us that on the opposite bank of the creek of the Almond, on a craggy eminence, was placed a fortification, and from that circumstance the name Car-Almond, vulgarised into Cramond, is derived—Car-Almond meaning simply the Castle on the Almond. Maitland, on the other hand, maintains that the name is Saxon in its derivation, and signifies the mouth of the Cra. ‘Originally,’ he says, ‘the name was *Cra-muthe*,’ as he has so read it amongst the benefactions made to the church of Lindisfern, or Holy Island in Northumberland, and which is synonymous with Cramond. ‘Now,’ he continues, ‘as there is an easy transition between *Cra* and *A*, the name of the river may have been changed from *Cra-water* to *Almon-water*.’ It is only right to add, however, that our authority does not by any means dogmatise here, but only ‘humbly submits it to the judgment of the curious reader.’

Within the parish, and on one of the north-eastern slopes of the Corstorphine Hill, stand the fine old mansion-house and lands of Craigercock Castle. It belonged at one time to a certain John Strachan, Esq., of whom we know nothing more than that at his death, in the year 1720, he mortified it as a charitable gift—the income then amounting to £300, but now considerably more than doubled—to be disbursed in annual sums of £8 each to a specified number of poor old men, women, and orphans, in the city of Edinburgh. But other memories, and no less dear, than those of the benevolent John Strachan, linger about it. Here, in this very romantic and picturesque old mansion, with its battlemented walls and slate-covered turrets, clad with ivy and roses, and nestling so warmly in its arbour of foliage, resided for many years that sweet-blooded and noble-souled man, Lord Francis Jeffrey, of *Edinburgh Review* renown, and here too were composed many of those brilliant and trenchant articles which adorned the pages of by far the ablest Quarterly of the period. That Jeffrey’s pen was occasionally dipt in gall, and that bitterly cruel and savagely earnest words now and then were born of it, is true enough—the case of the poor, consumptive, richly-gifted Keats is to the point,—but such fierce and terrific onslaughts appear rather to have been accidental to the man than of set purpose: his papers on the whole evincing a genial, generous, and encouraging tone, in perfect accord with his naturally kind and amiable disposition. Subsequently, and not over twenty years ago, the poet Gerald Massey, likewise, spent a short time in this same

interesting and beautiful mansion, and from which issued that sweet little volume of his which bears its name, 'Craigcrook Castle.' Whether all the poems which constitute the volume were composed there, we cannot say; very likely not. But that many of them, and perhaps the very tenderest and truest of them—as 'Craigcrook Castle,' and the 'Mother's Idol Broken'—



CRAIGCROOK CASTLE.

were written there, is obviously certain. And exquisitely fine they are, tearfully pure in thought and beautifully cut in expression, especially the odes in the last-mentioned poem. We have listened to few lyres of truer touch and tenser string than Massey's. What conceivably finer than this description of the death of his infant child?—

' But evermore the halo
Of angel-light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight
That folds some fairy feast.

Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently,
 Our darling bud up-curled,
 And drop i' the grave, God's lap, our wee
 White rose of all the world.'

Or this note of the same sad melody :—

' Ah, God ! when in the glad life-cup
 The face of death swims darkly up,
 The crowning flower is sure to droop.
 And so we laid our darling down,
 When summer's cheek grew ripely brown ;
 And still though grief hath milder grown,
 Unto the stranger's land we cleave,
 Like some poor birds that grieve and grieve
 Round the robbed nest, and cannot leave.'

His description of Craigcrook Castle, in that other poem of almost equal merit, which bears the name, is likewise very admirable, a perfect photograph of this old picturesque residence, as it now looks and lives in this leafy month of June, and with the quotation of which we shall pass on :

' Mid glimpsing greenery at the hill-foot stands
 The castle with its tiny town of towers :
 A smiling martyr to the climbing strength
 Of ivy that will crown the old bald head,
 And roses that will mask him merry and young,
 Like an old man with children round his knees.
 With cups of colour here the roses rise
 On walls and bushes, red and yellow and white ;
 A dance and dazzle of roses range all round.'

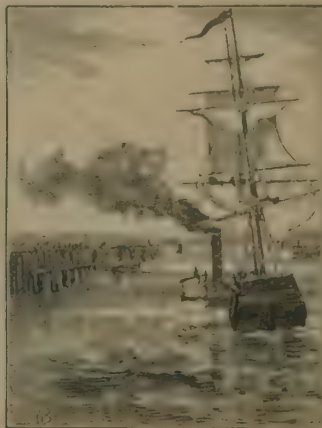
GRANTON,

Which lies some three or four miles to the east, in the same parish, and about two and a half from Edinburgh, is a place of very recent origin. It was founded in the year 1835 by the Duke of Buccleuch, as proprietor of the adjacent estate of Caroline Park, and is yet considerably on the sunny side of its half-century. Still, recent though it be in its origin, and with Leith in a way as its rival, it has made wonderful progress during the short period of its existence. As a seat of population, indeed, it has not attained to anything like importance, but in stir and commercial activity it far surpasses many towns or seaports of ten or twenty times its size.

Its harbour is its great attraction. A finer or roomier is rarely to be found anywhere; certainly not on the Firth. With an extent of pierage of over 1700 feet in length, and from 80 to 160 in breadth; four pairs of jetties, each extending 90 feet at regular intervals; two slips, 325 feet each, to facilitate the shipping and landing of cattle and heavy goods at all states of the tide; a high solid wall cleft with short thoroughfares, trending along the middle of the esplanade; the whole being enclosed by a strong massive breakwater running out on the west about three-fourths of a mile from the pier, and on the east to a distance somewhat less, curving in a demicircle, and terminating on a line with the pier-head, so as to leave an entrance of considerable breadth—it affords not only a safe place to haven in, but is furnished, at the same time, with every convenience and mechanical appliance for the speedy loading



GRANTON PIER.



LEITH PIER.

and unloading of the numerous vessels which frequent it. Let us add that it is the principal ferry from Edinburgh to Fife, *via* the North British Railway, and from which steamers ply regularly to and from London, Aberdeen, and Stirling. This harbour, begun in 1835, partially opened in 1838, and completed in 1845, was erected at a cost of £80,000.

To the west there is a hamlet of rather humble dwellings, built by the Duke for the accommodation of his work-people; while to the east, again, there is a village of cottages of a much better class, and two stories high, and which are likewise tenanted by the *employés* of the harbour, with here and there a house of a more aspiring or pretentious character, occupied by the grocer, the baker,

the butcher, or it may be some higher official of the port. Perhaps we should add that on the east of the spacious open area leading on to the foot of the pier, is erected a handsome and commodious hotel, with edifices, of a similar style, on the opposite side, occupied as private residences. Besides, the important village of Wardie, with its rows of villas and elegantly built houses, is sufficiently near to be included in Granton.

Granton is finely situated, and is a nice airy place. The large open space landward, conducting on to the pier, flanked by edifices of 'elegant, massive, white-sandstone masonry,' with its spacious harbour crowded with craft of every description and of every country, a forest of masts, blending so agreeably with the general joyousness of the natural scenery around, contrasts most favourably with the usual dinginess and dirt of most of the other seaports of the nation. A walk to the pier-head, on which there is a lighthouse with a brilliantly distinctive light, or along the breakwater, within whose giant arms the harbour lies so peacefully, is both interesting and refreshing, and is greatly frequented, especially in the long summer evenings, by the inhabitants of the city and neighbourhood.

NEWHAVEN

Is a fishing village with a harbour, and an active and industrious population, a little to the south-east, in the parish of North Leith. It sprung up during the reign of James IV., and under his favouring smile was rapidly rising into importance, when it received a check from the repressive hand of the Edinburgh Town-Council. Jealous of its rising consequence, and entertaining fears lest it might in some manner or way affect the city injuriously, they purchased from the King, who, like all the Stuart family of royal lineage, was ever in need of money, the town and harbour, with all their rights and privileges, and so acquired a sort of absolute power over it, which, as might be expected, was not wielded to the advantage of the locality.

Shortly after the creation of the village a chapel was erected, which likewise owed its existence to the King. James, with all his fun and frolic, energy and chivalry, was terribly superstitious. That untoward circumstance which, when a mere boy, he was all but forced to take a part in—the rebellion against, and murder of his father by, his subjects—had ever afterwards a most unhappy effect upon him. He never could forget it; often it came up into his mind, disquieted his conscience, and plunged him into the deepest grief and melancholy, the only solace to, or relief from, which was in doing penance and in building chapels. Very possibly it was in one of those fits of religious

despondency and fear that this sacred fabric found its origin. It was dedicated to St. Mary, and hence the little haven itself was sometimes called 'Our Lady's Port of Grace.'

For many generations Newhaven was little else than a colony of fishers, having no dealings with the outside world further than in a mere commercial capacity. This exclusiveness, however, has long ago all but disappeared, and they now freely mingle with other people, between whom and them frequent intermarriages take place.

The village, too, in appearance and comfort, has of late greatly improved. Besides being now well paved, well lighted, and much more cleanly kept, many houses of a large and substantial character have been erected in it; while away to the west and north of it again there are rows and streets of villas and mansions, with terraces and crescents of the most handsome and imposing architecture. TRINITY is a delightful place. Pleasantly situated on a broad fertile plateau overlooking the Firth, and commanding a fine view of the estuary to the east, as well as of the city westwards to the Pentland and Corstorphine Hills, it forms one of the quietest and most agreeable places of residence we have the pleasure of knowing. The dwellers in this particular quarter of the district are almost all of the wealthy and more influential class; many of them retired merchants, and W.S.'s from the city, with a goodly sprinkling of rich and genteel families from many other places and countries.

The fisherwomen of Newhaven have long been famed for the picturesqueness of their dress.²⁸ It consists mainly of a voluminous and truly Flemish quantity of petticoats, one or two of them of striped stuffs of very fast colours, with a jerkin sometimes of blue cloth and sometimes of variegated-hued calico. With the exception of the more matronly among them, who wear a sort of plain muslin cap or cöckernony, they have no head-dress; but their hair, in which they seem to have some pride, is in general very neatly and tastefully put up. It certainly is a very pretty sight to witness them in full costume, as they move onwards through our streets, or linger in our squares or crescents, singing out in their fine, rich, musical tones their usual cries of 'Caller haddies,' 'Caller herrin', or 'Caller ou'.

Inside their dwellings likewise considerable care and tidiness are manifested. Their hygienic creed is not that of Maggie Mucklebackit, as put by the pedantic but kind-hearted Mr. Oldbuck,—'the clartier the cosier.' On the contrary, they are a cleanly people; and although their dwellings, like the village itself, do smell rather strongly, for the delectation or comfort of a delicate nasal organ, of fish and mussel-bait, yet that is unavoidable to their

calling, and for which, in consequence, it would be very unfair to hold them responsible.

'Never give a fishwife the half of what she asks' is a common saying, and indicative of the exorbitant prices they are in the habit of demanding in their commercial capacity. Oldbuck in his day seems to have acted on this principle. There are few more amusing or laughable scenes in the *Antiquary* than that of this formal, inquisitive, but genial old man bating down Mrs. Mucklebackit, and getting the fish for less than half the price she first asked. That indeed would appear to be a feature common to the whole fisher population of every place and of all time; certainly it is yet true of the fisherwomen of Newhaven, and very amusing are the scenes in this way which yet go on between the Maggie Mucklebackits of this locality and the Misses Grizel of our Trinity villas and Claremont Crescents. It would be an impropriety no doubt to say, in the words of this caustic, but after all somewhat soft-hearted misogynist, that 'they may sometimes be heard wrangling for an hour together' over a little affair of that kind, before the door or under the parlour window, 'like sea-gulls screaming and spluttering in a gale of wind;' but that there is a good deal of 'tongue and wind,' the besetting sin of the age according to Carlyle, expended in the process there can be no question.

LEITH

Is a town of great importance, with a population of upwards of 50,000, and a seaport with a trade and dock accommodation the third in the kingdom. Originally, and for a long period after its existence, it remained quite apart, having no connection whatever with any of the neighbouring districts. Now, however, it may naturally be regarded as a suburb of Edinburgh, as *physically* they meet at many points, and *municipally* are in certain things interdependent. Still, although thus closely connected with the city, and having many interests in common, it yet preserves its own integrity as a town, having its own peculiar manners, usages, independent feelings, and municipal institutions.

At first, as appears, it was called Inverleith, the reason of which is obvious enough from the fact of its being situated at the mouth of the river Leith. Its history opens in or about the fourteenth century—at least nothing with certainty is known of it until 1329, when we find it but a mere village, dominated by Edinburgh, and oppressively treated by the magistracy there, whose cupidity and lust of power led them to lay a greedy and repressive hand upon its revenues and independence. Robert I. was then upon the

throne, but weak, worn-out, and dying. His terrible struggles,—those great, patriotic efforts he made to wrest our land from the hand of the oppressor and secure its independence,—had done their sad work upon his naturally vigorous and powerful frame, and now at the premature age, comparatively, of fifty-four years, the strong man had laid him down to die. At this time, when he could not be troubled with the consideration of such matters, and had not strength sufficient to inquire into the justice or policy of them, the Town-Council of Edinburgh, actuated by the meanest and most selfish motives, applied for, and obtained from, him ‘a grant of the harbour and mills of Leith, with their appurtenances, for payment of fifty-two merks yearly.’ Nor was their cupidity content with that. They at the same time seized upon all the waste or unreclaimed ground adjacent to the harbour and on the banks of the river, which, however, upon the baron superior, Logan of Restalrig, contesting, they were ultimately compelled to disgorge, or at least to pay for, which comes much to the same thing.

This Logan, the baronial proprietor of Leith, appears to have been rather a heartless old fellow, treating the poor Leithers with as high a hand and as oppressive a greed as the city Town-Council itself. He would do anything for money. Give him a good price, only bid high enough, and he would go to any lengths : no considerations, either moral or Christian, giving him the least concernment. A man of this type was just the man for the Edinburgh Town-Councillors ; and they hesitated not to avail themselves of his avaricious unscrupulousness to effect their own selfish ends. Strange to say, they approached this man with the extraordinary proposal that ‘he, for a large consideration, should grant them a bond by which he should pledge himself to prevent the inhabitants of Leith, not only from carrying on any sort of trade, but from keeping shops, or inns, or houses of public entertainment for strangers,’ and which proposal was entertained. Nor that only. Some time subsequently, in the year 1485, this same jealous and oppressive spirit was manifested in a still more illiberal and impolitic way : it was then ‘ordained that no merchant of Edinburgh should take into partnership with him any inhabitant of Leith under the penalty of forty shillings, and deprivation of the freedom of the city for a year ; that none of the revenues of the city should be farmed to an individual belonging to Leith, and that none of the farmers of the city should take any of them as a partner with him in such contracts ; that no staple goods should be stored in warehouses in Leith, or even disposed of, and in the event of such cruel and oppressive enactments being evaded or violated, the offender should be visited with swift and condign

punishment.' It is with the greatest astonishment that we read of such doings of the generations that are gone ; they appear so ungenerous, cruel and short-sighted. The poor Leithers were sorely tried, and had great need of patience. 'A curse upon your whinstane hearts, ye Edinburgh gentry !' is an imprecation that naturally rises to the wrathful lips of every leal son of Scotia, as he thinks upon the unkind and heartless way in which they latterly treated the gifted and manly Burns. The same curse, for a similar reason, although in a different connection, would have suited equally well, and come with as fierce an earnestness from the indignant lips of the oppressed and down-trodden dwellers of that rising little seaport by the shingly shores of the Forth. It has often been asked, Why does Leith owe Edinburgh such a grudge ? why is she so jealous of her bigger sister, and take every opportunity that offers of humbling her, and asserting her own independence ? The few facts just related, and many more of an equally arbitrary and high-handed kind might be adduced, will perhaps let in some light upon the question, and clear up, in a measure, what to many is a strange and unaccountable thing. Towns, like individuals and families, do not soon forget the harshness or injustice with which they have been treated ; the memory of it goes down circulating through the years and the centuries, and is ever ready to flash out anew into fierce resentment and fiery wrath, when the time-oiled waters are again stirred.

Leith, however, would not be crushed. It grew and flourished in spite of all the hard measures and burdensome enactments under which it groaned. Indignant occasionally at the merciless way in which the city brought its heavy hand to bear upon it, and emitting now and again a loud, angry, lion-like growl of defiant rage, it for the most part went quietly on, minding its own work, and building up its own fortunes, patiently biding the time when it would have courage enough to face, and strength sufficient to grapple with the foe, and 'throw him in the tulzie.' A stout-hearted people were the Leithers. They could take up their cross and bear it with fortitude. Opposition did not frighten them ; injustice did not unman them. With a considerable amount of good, hard, gnarled knee-timber in their constitution, they could confront the evils and brave the storms of life, calmly and hopefully waiting for the coming in of better times and more propitious circumstances.

' Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.'

Meanwhile, an event of great national importance took place, and as it stands very closely connected with Leith, deserves to be noticed. James IV., who was now upon the throne, was a king of great sagacity and energy. Availing himself of the peace and prosperity which then prevailed in the country, he turned his attention to the development of its internal resources; he repaired and embellished his palaces and castles, improved and facilitated the administration of justice, enforced a general respect for the law throughout the remotest districts, and encouraged the extension of trade and commerce with other nations. His navy, however, was especially his care. He was anxiously solicitous to make it at once numerous and powerful; and hence, in addition to the ships he already had, he caused other three vessels of very large dimensions for that age, to be constructed; one of them, the largest, and named the *Great Michael*, in magnitude, equipment, and cost, greatly exceeding any ship of war then known in the world, was built at Leith. Pit-scottie tells us that 'all the oak forests in Fife, with the exception of that of Falkland, was exhausted in her construction, besides a large quantity of timber brought from Norway, and that upwards of a year was spent by the Scottish and foreign carpenters in completing her.' James was justly proud of the achievement; and while she lay in 'the roads,' as great a marvel then as the *Warrior* or *Impregnable* would be now, the King frequently visited her in company with his lords, 'taking great pleasure in showing them her order and munition.' She was commanded by Sir Andrew Wood, a native of the town, an able sailor and a brave commander, who had distinguished himself in many a sea-fight, the Abercromby of his day, bringing glory alike to his country and his name. Thus Leith had the honour of making the first important advance, and typing the first momentous change in the great science of naval architecture. ¹¹

As with families, so with towns, however, it is not always summer-time with them. Seldom or never in the case of anything earthly does the sun of prosperity shine down a continuous and unbroken flood of golden light. Unmixed good is a blessing not of this world; empires, kingdoms, cities, towns, families, and individuals, all have their rainy days. And Leith is no exception. In the year 1544 the Earl of Hertford paid it a hostile visit, and did it incredible damage. With an army of 10,000 men he marched eastwards from Granton, where he had disembarked, and entering the town about noon, without the least opposition, at once took possession of it. He next proceeded against Edinburgh, which, after having plundered—ravishing and laying waste at the same time the neighbouring districts—he set on fire;

an outrage he was particularly commanded to commit. And so, having accomplished the object of the invasion, he re-embarked with his victorious forces, proud of their success and laden with spoil, committing, however, on leaving, the port and its shipping to the flames.

Leith, only three years afterwards, was again visited by the same scourge, now Duke of Somerset, and again suffered by fire at his hand, although not to the same extent. Not that he on that occasion was less relentless, or not so much bent on damaging and destroying Scottish property; but simply because he then met with a stouter resistance, and had less opportunity. Still he left his mark on this, as on the former occasion, and Leith has no reason to remember with gratitude the visits, or presence among them, of this fierce and pitiless firebrand of war.

A few years subsequent to this, and Leith again comes prominently to the front. Hardly any event indeed of any great national importance occurred without the port being in some way, less or more, closely connected with it. Now were the days of the Reformation struggle, when Popery and Protestantism fought a fierce hand-to-hand battle with varying fortune. Mary of Lorraine was then Regent, and did her best to crush the rising spirit of rebellion as directed against prelacy and despotism; the reformers, on the other hand, brave-hearted and fearless men, dared to despise the decrees and enactments of royalty, and bade defiance to the uplifted arm, though sceptred with the golden rod of sovereignty. For a good while the battle went on with little advantage to either side; neither party inclined to sheathe the sword, each being eagerly bent upon victory, and determined to put down and trample out the other. The right, however, ultimately prevailed. Popery went to the wall, and Protestantism triumphed, but it was at a fearful cost of life and treasure.

Leith figures very largely in this struggle. Mary of Lorraine, when the palace was no longer safe for her, retired thither and fortified it, garrisoning it with a body of French troops. The wall which was then thrown up was, as it appears, of an octangular form with eight bastions at so many angles; and following the line of the present Bernard and Constitution Streets, from nearly the west end of the latter, it pursued a northerly direction towards the river. Here a wooden bridge, about 115 yards below the present erection at the west end of Great Junction Street, connected the continuation of the wall which reached to the citadel, and then taking an easterly course terminated at Sandport Street. The bastions were of great strength, and the wall was entirely built of stone. It had several ports or gates, the chief of which was

one called the Block House, and it was here that the fiercest assaults and heaviest carnage then took place. In vain did the besiegers endeavour to force an entrance. Daring deeds of noblest valour were then performed; greatest efforts of loftiest courage, both individually and collectively, were there put forth; but to no purpose. Mary and her French soldiers remained safe within the strong arms of that impregnable rampart, and the reformers had only the sad mortification of seeing their best and their brightest fall by the hands of foreign mercenaries, comparatively secure behind its massive strength.

'The flankers then, in murdering holes that lay,
Went off and slew, God knows, stout men enow;
The harquebuse afore had made foul playe,
But it behoved our men for to go throwe,
And so men sought their deaths, they knew not how.
From such a sight, swate God, my friends defend,
For out of paine did dyvers find theyr end.'

Hardly a vestige of these fortifications are now visible, although, in making excavations, evident traces of the former military character of the town are occasionally found. Perhaps we should add that the site of the citadel is still preserved by a place of that name adjacent to, and principally occupied by, the North Leith Station of the North British Railway, with the principal entrance thereto, an arched way of great strength, with a little bit of the wall attached.

Time rolls on, bringing with him in his irresistible march his own great changes. The queen-mother dies, and Mary, who by this time is a widow, has come over from that beautiful country she loved so well,¹ to take the reins of government into her own hands. The day on which she arrived seems to have been unexceptionally dull and heavy. Knox, in describing it,

¹ 'Adieu, plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie !
La plus chérie
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance ?
Adieu, France ! Adieu, mes beaux jours,
La nef qui de joint mes amours
Na ey de moi qui la mortie
Une parte te resti ; elle est la tienne
Je la tie à ton amitie,
Pour que de l'autre il la souviene.'

These beautiful lines were written by Mary on leaving France, and show how dearly she loved the land she was parting from—for ever !

employs the dreariest and darkest epithets in the language : ' In the memory of man,' he says, ' that day of the year has never seen a more dolorous face of the heaven than was at her arrival, which two days after did so continue ; for besides the surface wet, a corruption of the air, the mist was so thick and dark, that scarce might any man espy another the length of two pair of *butts*. The sun was not seen to shine two days before nor two days after.'

Dark and gloomy as the weather appears to have been, however, and whatever effect it may have had upon her spirits, it does not seem to have damped or dulled the spirits of her subjects. As soon as it was known that the Queen had arrived, all classes of the community hastened *pell-mell* shorewards to manifest their joy and give expression to their loyalty. Cannon boomed, bells rang, men shouted, and women screamed ; the vessels in the harbour too were all gaily decked with bunting, while flags and banners were hung out on all the public places and houses of note. Landing at ten in the morning, she would have immediately proceeded to Holyrood ; but the laggard state of the preparations for her conveyance thither necessitated her detention in the town for a few hours, during which, as we learn, she was visited by the Lord James, the Earl of Argyle, and other noblemen. At length things being got into something like order, the procession moved forwards. Mary, mounted on her palfrey—there were no carriages in those days—advanced through the Links and up the Easter Road towards Holyrood, preceded and followed by all the great and the noble of the land, and amid the shouts and acclamations of a happy and loyal people.

' Light on her airy steed she sprung ;
 Around with golden tassels hung ;
 No chieftain there rode half so free,
 Or half so light and gracefully.
 Slowly she ambled on her way,
 Amid her lords and ladies gay ;
 Priest, abbot, layman, all were there,
 And presbyter with look severe.
 There rode the lords of France and Spain,
 Of England, Flanders, and Lorraine ;
 While serried thousands round them stood,
 From shore of Leith to Holyrood.'

Mary's return to her kingdom revived a little the drooping spirits of the Leithers, and led them to entertain the hope that something substantial would now be done for them. They deserved well of her. They had aided

the queen-mother in her efforts, and seconded her earnest and determined struggles against the reformers: Mary could not be ungrateful, and would evince, no doubt, a just sense of her obligation by granting them some unmistakable relief from the fetters in which Edinburgh all along had bound them. They were disappointed. Instead of relief there came additional pressure. The Queen, in need of money, and her exchequer all but dry; began to look about for means to meet pressing exigencies, and in her straits felt constrained to come down upon Leith, mortgaging its superiority, redeemable for 1000 merks, to the Town-Council of the city. We do not blame Mary very heavily for this. Her circumstances were such, and her wants so great, that really she could not help herself; and it is but right to add that she did all that she possibly could to prevent the sad and humiliating consequences of the transaction to the Leithers by requesting the magistracy to delay, for some time at least, the assumption of superiority, in the hope, probably, of being able to forestall the step altogether. This, however, as might have been expected, was refused, and on the 2d of July 1567, the citizens of Edinburgh proceeded to Leith in a kind of military order, where, when they had arrived, they went through some form of capturing it, and thus the independence and self-government of the town were completely lost.

Leith was now made to feel the full weight of the heavy arm of the oppressor. If the inhabitants groaned and were bowed down under the burdens formerly imposed, these were light in comparison with the burdens they should henceforth have to endure. Edinburgh used the whip and most unmercifully. The Town-Council, with the Incorporations, now framed and laid on new imposts—the severity and unrighteousness of which stir the anger and fire the wrath of every honest soul—that so hampered and harassed its trade and commerce that the port was literally crushed. Up to this point it had struggled pluckily; and even in spite of the harsh and cruel treatment received at the hand of its bigger neighbour, had moved forward and prospered. But now its last plank was gone. The Queen had failed to befriend it, and there was at last nothing for it but hopelessness and despair, in which sad and despondent condition the town dragged on, it would appear, a feeble and exhausted life for upwards of a generation and a half.

It has been hinted that the Protestantism of the Leithers was somewhat doubtful during the reign of the Queen Regent. It is abundantly evident, however, that by this time a great change had come over the spirit of their dream. In October 1643, when the Solemn League and Covenant was entered into with England, in no place was it received with more respect, or

ratified with so deep and solemn a reverence, as in Leith: a fact which shows very plainly, as it seems to us, that whatever their feelings or beliefs in the days of Mary of Guise with respect to religion, they had now quite decided for the Reformation doctrine. Whether, indeed, any of the Leithers was bellicose enough to buckle on the sword, or shoulder the firelock, and march across the Border under the able leadership of the old and astute Earl of Leven, we are not in a position to say. We hope, however, that they did not just suffer all their zeal and ardour for Protestantism to evaporate or melt away in the signing of that very solemn and formidable document, but that some of them at least had the courage to face the warlike and disciplined forces of Newcastle, and leave their mark upon, if not their bodies before, the strongly-walled and gallantly-defended city of Durham.

A dark day of terrible suffering was now fast hurrying up, and ready to burst in lamentation and woe over Leith. That ancient scourge of Scotland, the Plague, the horrors of which were at this time aggravated by a dreadful famine, then visited the town and neighbourhood, cutting down in its malignant wrathfulness young and old, rich and poor, and bringing sorrow and desolation into almost every home. The town then numbered about 5000 inhabitants; but so fatal were the ravages of this dreadful disease, that in the short space of six or seven months it was reduced to a little less than the half. The churchyards could not receive the bodies requiring interment, and numbers of the dead, wrapped in the blankets in which they had died, were carried forth and buried in the Links and adjacent grounds. As just observed, the Plague was accompanied by a famine, which perhaps was even more fatal in its consequences; and upon a representation to Parliament of the impoverished and starving condition of the inhabitants, authority was given to the magistrates to seize on, and make use of, the grain and other provisions then in the stores and warehouses, for the support or maintenance of the people, payment to be made subsequently by voluntary subscription.

The next important event in the annals of the town took place in the year 1650. We refer to the fact that, while the forces of Cromwell were moving upon Edinburgh after their victory over the Scottish army at Dunbar, a detachment, under the command of Major-General Lambert, entered and took possession of Leith. It did not suffer much, however, from this untoward event. Only a contribution of some £22 sterling was exacted, a matter which, in ordinary circumstances, would not have been felt by them, but which, following unhappily so closely upon the heel of the Plague and famine, was rather a grievance. Shortly after this, however, Lambert was appointed elsewhere, and

General Monk succeeding him, took up his residence in the town—greatly to its advantage—which he at once set about to fortify and secure, enlarging the citadel, providing suitable and well-constructed houses for the governor, officers, and soldiers, and furnishing it with a chapel, as well as ample accommodation for magazines and stores. During his residence, too, it is related that many English families of wealth and position were induced by him to come and settle in it. Bringing with them the spirit of mercantile enterprise, and possessed of the means and energy necessary to establish and successfully carry on such undertakings, they then inaugurated and profitably pursued certain trades and manufactures which are yet among the staple industries of the place. As was to be expected, the restrictive burdens of the city Town-Council proved very annoying and harassing, and they frequently appealed to the Republican Government to ease their chain and give them a little more freedom, but somehow or other it never was done. Meanwhile, Leith gradually grew. Having recovered in a measure from the dejection and hopelessness into which it had been thrown by the humiliating event of the complete loss of its independence, and stimulated and energised by the new life which had budded forth in it by the residence of Englishmen of wealth and position within it, it advanced, and, in spite of the hampering and grinding imposts with which it was saddled, eventually attained to a prosperity and influence which commanded respect.

A very memorable event now occurs in the history of Leith, the landing of George IV. Two hundred and sixty-one years before this a young Queen, of surpassing beauty and high accomplishments, set foot on her native land near the same place, and much about the same time of the year, to assume a crown entwined with many a thorn, and to wield a sceptre which had the touch of saddest trouble in it, but whose landing, in most of its attendant circumstances, was widely different. On this occasion all was pomp and circumstance. Preparations on the grandest scale had been going on for months, and long before the royal yacht had made its appearance in the roadstead all was ready. Then began the imposing spectacle of disembarking. The King, shortly before twelve o'clock, having entered his barge, moved slowly landwards, preceded by that of the Admiral, and followed by others from all his Majesty's ships on the station, together with an immense number of private boats, all gaily trimmed, and crowded with people in their holiday attire, forming an aquatic procession such as never before had been witnessed on Scottish shore. Arriving within hail of the pier, which was covered with thousands, the royal barge was saluted in a right loyal fashion. The royal standard, then hoisted, floated over the lighthouse, and a simul-

taneous shout from the assembled multitudes, mingling with the martial music of the Highland bagpipe which a band of young gentlemen of Leith at that instant struck up, proclaimed in most impressive utterance the warmth of his welcome. Next the Custom-house was reached, and when quite abreast of it a band from the Canongate stationed there burst forth with the National Anthem—the magistrates, deacons, and trades at the same time advancing with lowered standards—while, just as his Majesty touched the landing-place, three well-timed and strongly-vociferated cheers were given by the sailors who manned the shipping in the harbour, caught up and rung out again and again by the thousands that lined the shore, filled the windows, swarmed on the house-tops, and stood and clung wherever there was standing or clinging room. His Majesty was greatly affected by these hearty manifestations of loyalty and welcome, and frequently acknowledged them with a grace and condescension which but intensified the feeling, and drew forth, if possible, louder shouts of joy and acclamation.

Here, after the performance of some short imposing ceremony, the King was conducted towards his carriage. With the post-admiral and senior magistrates on his right, he walked along the platform, his path strewn with flowers, with a firm and dignified step, amid deafening peals which again saluted him on all sides. The procession then moved forwards, a showy and imposing pageant, becoming increasingly so as it gradually spread out and extended itself in the distance. The Earl of Kinnoul, as Lord-Lyon, preceding, curveted and caprioled his noble charger, followed by a cloud of heralds and richly-dressed cavaliers—his brow circled with his golden coronet, his crimson mantle flowing in graceful folds to the ground, and his brodered boots and golden spurs indicating his nobility and proclaiming his rank : next came Sir Alexander Keith, as Knight-Marshal, accompanied by his grooms and esquires, all in splendid liveries ; and after him, as White-Rod, Sir Patrick Walker, with his attendant equeries handsomely mounted and magnificently accoutred, making an appearance and producing an effect little inferior to that of the Lord-Lyon himself ; then followed a long train of cavalry and infantry, with city dignitaries, and picturesque Highlanders, in the rear of which appeared the King in an Admiral's uniform, with a thistle and sprig of heath in his hat, and on his breast the St. Andrew's cross which had been presented to him by Sir Walter Scott in name of the ladies of Edinburgh, surrounded by a royal guard of Archers, Glengarry and his household retainers, and a whole galaxy of starred and scarlet-covered aides-de-camp and generals. Onward it moved with slow and measured pace along Bernard and Constitution

Streets, up Leith Walk, through York Place and St. Andrew Square, into Princes Street, then turning eastward, proceeded by Regent Bridge and Waterloo Place, rounding the foot of the Calton Hill, amid shout and cheer, the roar of cannon, the roll of drum, and the shrill scream of pibroch—all the route lined with a well-dressed, well-behaved, and loyal people—and reaching Holyrood at last, when a salute was fired from all the batteries in intimation of the fact, which made the heavens ring again, echoing far and near, hill answering to hill, and vale to vale. In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks. Arthur's Seat, crowned with flames, glorious as another sun rising upon midnight, looked down upon a city actually ablaze ; while Leith, hardly less so, was brilliantly lighted up with a profusion of lamps and beautifully transparent devices. It is estimated that no fewer than 300,000 people were eye-witnesses that day of the most magnificent and imposing spectacle ever before beheld in Scotland.

' The news has flown from mouth to mouth,
The North for aince has banged the South ;
The de'il a Scotsman 'll die o' drouth,
Carle, noo the King's come !

Squire and knight and belted peer,
Lowland chief and mountaineer,
The best, the bravest, all are here,
Carle, noo the King's come !'

In general, the inhabitants of Leith were an industrious and hard-working people. Life with them was an earnest thing, and to provide for themselves, and especially for those of their household, a sacred duty. Still, they had their days of amusement and recreation likewise ; and these days, when freed from toil and care, they did enjoy, although occasionally in rather a boisterous and extravagant manner. Particularly was this the case during the week of their long-famed horse-races, an institution which dates back to the period of the Restoration. These races usually took place on the last week of July, or the first week of August, and continued for four or five days. Edinburgh and Leith were then crowded with people of wealth and fashion from all quarters, to witness the sports of the race-ground, as well as to attend the balls and the assemblies which were held in the city in the evenings. The sands, over which the races, during the recess of the tide, were run, were on these days, but especially on the Saturday, the scene of the most disorderly and drunken

revels, resulting usually in a number of free fights and occasional serious skirmishes with the town-guard. Booths, taverns, and theatrical amusements of every description, and to almost any extent, stood along the outer line of the shore, reaching eastwards, while the pier, for the time being, was improvised, and largely taken advantage of, as an excellent stand for the people. From the time of the Restoration to the year 1816, these races appear to have been held annually; but at that period they were removed to the Links of Musselburgh, where they have been run ever since. Ferguson, in his 'Leith Races,' gives a very humorous and truly descriptive account of them, which poem, we may add, not only suggested to Burns, Scotia's bard *par excellence*, but afforded him a model for, that inimitable and bitingly telling satire of his, the 'Holy Fair,' so full of fun, racy description, and pawky common-sense.

Ecclesiastically, Leith is divided into the two parishes of North and South Leith, separated from each other by the river; the former lying to the west, and including in it, since 1630, the baronies of Newhaven and Hillhousefield; the latter, to the east, is much the larger, and of a triangular shape, extending along the shore to the Figget-burn at Portobello, thence following the line of the public road to the city, embracing the abrogated parish of Restalrig, and till lately the Calton Hill, and reaching onwards to Leith Walk. Objections have been taken to the site of the town as not the best adapted for a maritime port. It has been urged that, in consequence of the flat, sandy expanse on which it is placed, and which the retiring tide at its ebb leaves quite dry for over a mile in breadth, it never can command any great depth of water, while the river again, flowing through the harbour, runs so sluggishly, and with such small volume usually, that it has not power to keep the mouth of the harbour free of the mud and sand with which it is apt to become silted up. That, however, in these times, has been greatly obviated, and probably at no distant day is destined to disappear altogether before the various efficient and energetic efforts of engineering enterprise.

The harbour and docks, crowded as they generally are with shipping, flying the colours of almost every nation and country, is a sight in itself worth seeing. Indeed, a walk in this direction on a fine summer day or a quiet autumn evening, when the winds are low and the sea 'calm as cradled child,' and especially along either of the piers which form the harbour, with ships and steamers and other craft ever in motion, outwards or inwards, lending life and charm to the scene, is highly interesting. Then again, at the further end of either promenade, what a grand and extensive prospect! Both sides

of the Forth, the Fife and the Lothian coasts, with the different towns and villages along their sea-board, are distinctly visible ; the Lomonds forming a bold and picturesque background to the one, and the gently rising and finely wooded hills of Carberry and Falside a quieter and more subdued background to the other ; with Inchkeith, of pious legend, in the foreground ; the great Bass Rock, of Covenanter tale, further off on the right ; and the mazy, half-seen and half-unseen May, with its wonderful tragedy of 'doul and wae,' far away in the distance, lit up with the bright fierce radiance of a noon-day sun, or 'misted with the golden breath of departing day ;'—a quiet careless saunter out to the further end of this fine sea promenade in the afternoon or evening of a mild, sunshiny July or August day is a great enjoyment ; a happiness that lingers in the memory like some low sweet strain of music heard across some moonlit lake, or warbled in some remote and shadowy glen.

The town originally appears to have been built close to the harbour, the most ancient part of it reaching from the shore along the east bank of the stream for nearly half a mile, and the houses moved back sufficiently far to form a pretty roomy quay for the loading and unloading of vessels. From this quay eastwards the town diverged into a number of narrow streets and lanes which are still extant : the dwellings tall, dark, and dingy, all very old, and bearing obvious traces of having housed a much higher class of occupants than now inhabit them. In these earlier days the principal thoroughfare to and from the shore was Tolbooth Wynd, over which of late has come a great change in the disappearance of almost all the edifices of the olden period, with the substitution of shops and business premises in their stead, of an ornateness of structure and grandeur of window-display that will contrast favourably even with Princes Street itself. Kirkgate, into which in general all the other streets, alleys, and lanes conducted, was then the chief street, although now-a-days a little shorn of its glory, and led to the foot of Leith Walk, a fine, broad thoroughfare leading up to the city, and which, with an ordinary degree of architectural taste and enterprise, might have been made the handsomest street in Europe. Bernard and Constitution Streets, both of them of comparatively recent formation, and in which are many substantial and elegant edifices, are now the more common thoroughfare to and from the harbour and docks ; while away to the south-east of Constitution Street, again, and facing the Links on every side—an extensive grassy plain of nearly a mile in length and over a quarter of a mile in breadth, the common playground of cricket and golf—are rows of houses and villas of the most stately and imposing

character, the residences of the more opulent and influential classes of the community.

North and South Leith are now connected by a broad, commodious thoroughfare, named Great Junction Street. It conducts from the foot of Leith Walk westward, crossing the river by a strongly built stone bridge, with railing balustrade of very graceful manufacture. Besides this there are other four bridges across the stream further down; three of them *draw*, and the last and most remote a *swing*-bridge, with a span of 222 feet, and erected at a cost of £30,000, which are raised or swung round, as occasion requires, for the ingress or egress of vessels. North Leith, into which these ways lead, and connect with the adjoining parish, has within the last half century undergone great improvements. The citadel of Cromwellian fame, and many of the humbler and lower-class dwellings that clustered around it, have been removed, and new streets, running both south and west, have been formed, with houses of a higher and much more respectable kind. Indeed, both parishes of late have been expanding in all directions, and have grown, particularly within the last ten or fifteen years, so rapidly that it is difficult to find accommodation for their annually increasing thousands, notwithstanding all the energy and success with which building operations are being carried on. What but a few years ago was only a waste, or green fields, or a nursery, is now covered with houses filled with an industrious and well-to-do tenancy, while in other parts again—as along and off the Ferry Road on the north, and up and in from Lochend and Easter Roads on the south—a great amount of excellent and highly finished house property has been constructed, all, or nearly so, occupied by the successful traders and more enterprising merchants of the town.

Leith, being a place of considerable antiquity, founded somewhere about the year 1300, and holding such a conspicuous position in many of the more important events in our national history, should naturally be expected to contain not a few remains of much antiquarian interest. The town however, as a great commercial centre, has undergone so material and radical changes, that the most of the relics of an antique or old-world character have been quite obliterated. All that is left of the once famous citadel, for example, is, as we have already mentioned, but an old Saxon bridge and a little bit of the wall; in like manner the residence of Mary of Guise, a structure of some repute in its day, cannot now be identified even as to its site, although a recent erection, as business premises, in Water Lane claims the distinction; while all traces of the dwellings of those who then formed her court, and were her

principal advisers, have quite disappeared. The house of Lord Balmerino and part of the mansion of Logan of Restalrig are the only relics of a grey antiquity that yet survive.

The house of Balmerino has now passed into the possession of the Roman Catholic church, and is partly occupied as a schoolroom. It enters by No. 10 Kirkgate, but the building is so shut in that little of it can be seen except on a close inspection. Here, in 1650, Lord Balmerino had the honour of entertaining Charles II. during his short sojourn in Scotland. According to the *Diary of Nicoll* the King had come from Stirling, where he was residing, to review the army which was drawn up on the Links. After that he appears to have gone to Edinburgh, where he was 'feasted by the town in the Parliament House,' and thence returned on foot to Leith, 'abyding for the nicht wi' Lord Balmerinoch.'

The last Lord of this family was Arthur, who suffered on Towerhill in 1746 for his complicity in the rebellion of the preceding year. He seems to have been a keen and loyal Jacobite; was out with Mar in 1715, holding a command at the battle of Sheriffmuir; was out again in 1745, when he was taken prisoner at Culloden, carried to London, tried at Westminster, and sentenced, along with the Earls of Cromarty and Kilmarnock for the like offences, to be beheaded. Both before and after his trial, he conducted himself as became a brave man and a gallant soldier. Maintaining his principles to the last, he neither sought for nor expected mercy; and when at last led forth to execution, he surveyed with a calm and gentlemanly mien all the terrible preparations, inspecting the block with great minuteness, taking up the axe and testing its edge with his finger, examining the coffin and reading the inscription on its lid, and then, as if perfectly satisfied that all was as it should be, calmly and resolutely resigned himself to his fate. Thus died the last Lord of Balmerino.

The mansion of Logan, again, stood on the crag overhanging the loch of Lochend. Part of it still survives, and is used as offices in connection with a large house erected on the site of the old one. Judging from what remains of it, it must have been a very strong place; and if well armed and provisioned, capable of holding out and offering a stern resistance to any enemy, however brave or determined. This family, it would seem, like many of the nobility and gentry of the time, suffered a heavy reverse of fortune. The last of the name who held the paternal estates, being deeply involved in the Gowrie Conspiracy, but dying before his share in it was fully disclosed, 'his eldest son, and all lineally connected, were summoned to compare before the

King and the Estates of Parliament ;' they were tried, found guilty of high treason, sentenced to the forfeiture of all their property, and so reduced to the sad and miserable condition of beggars, homeless and penniless, in the very place where they had so long lorded it as feudal tyrants.

A younger scion of this family, however, appears at a little later period to have retrieved to some extent the sad fortunes of his house. Returning from



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France—whence he had to flee for having slain in a duel a favourite of the King, who had given him great provocation—to his native place, he chanced shortly thereafter to meet, at the house of a mutual friend, with a certain Isabella Fowler, the only child of a wealthy couple in the neighbourhood, and heiress of all their possessions. Miss Fowler, or as she is better known by the sobriquet of *Tibbie o' the Glen*, had no pretensions to beauty : rather, we should say, in the language of these days, a plain-looking young lady, but whose plainness in this respect was wonderfully compensated for by a quick, shrewd intelligence, and brisk, sprightly piquancy of manner, which are not without their attractions, and often interest and charm when a pretty face and fine form would fail. Besides, she was 'a weel-tochered lass,' and that in those times, as well as in ours, covered a multitude of sins, so that Tibbie, as might have been expected in the circumstances, had a great number of suitors

'Wooin' at her, puin' at her,
Courtin' her, and canna get her.
Filthy self! it's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooin' at her.'

Young Logan enrolled himself in the list of her admirers, and had not much difficulty in carrying her off from all the other competitors for her hand. It is said that he built, *with the money she brought him*, a large handsome house at the head of the Shirra Brae fronting the Coalhill, in which they resided, and which continued to be shown as an object of interest until 1845, when it was removed to make room for other erections.

The public buildings of Leith now deserve our notice. As however we cannot possibly advert to them all, we shall, for that reason, just select for description what are considered the most prominent of them.

The Exchange, in Constitution Street, facing westward into Bernard Street, is an extensive and handsome structure in the chaste Grecian style. It rises to the height of three stories, is adorned with Ionic columns, and contains a large assembly-room and a public reading-room, together with a number of offices. Then immediately opposite, and in the south-east corner of Baltic Street, stands the Corn Market, a large and substantial edifice, with a side-wall, looking into Constitution Street, of polished stone beautifully ornamented with cherub-like figures in *basso-relievo*—some busily engaged in carrying sacks of grain, others in whirling along barrow-loads of the same produce, and others again in ploughing or driving the harrows. It is an attractive erection of highly dressed ashlar, surmounted by a dome of very fine proportions, with a number of spacious business-rooms, well lighted and comfortably ventilated. So also the Banks, of which there are no fewer than seven or eight, principally in Bernard Street, are all very substantial buildings—the *Royal*, of an ornate and handsome appearance, and the *National*, with its semicircular projecting front, ribbed with Ionic columns and crowned with a dome, are especially interesting specimens of architecture, and quite ornamental to the locality. Nor are the Court House, the Trinity House, and the Custom House in any way inferior in these respects. The first mentioned is a compact, massive structure of four stories, with an elegant Ionic façade on the side of Constitution Street, and a fine Doric portico on that of Charlotte Street. The Council Chambers are very handsomely fitted up, and, among other pictures, contains a large painting of the landing of George IV. In like manner the Trinity House, situated in Kirkgate, and just opposite the church, is a graceful edifice of the Grecian type. It stands

on the site of the old building, erected in 1555 during the regency of Mary of Guise, and possesses several pictures of great merit—particularly an interesting view of Leith in the olden times, an admirable portrait of Admiral Lord Duncan, a very truthful and highly finished likeness of the Queen-Regent by Mytens, with Scott's grand and graphic painting of Vasco de Gama passing the Cape of Good Hope. So the Custom House is another erection of a large and interesting character, of the same description of building, with pillars and pediment in front, and having in the tympanum of its pediment a rather ostentatious sculpture of the Royal Arms. It is situated in North Leith, just at the west end of the lower drawbridge leading from Bernard Street into Commercial Place, with its back to the harbour, from which it is separated by a narrow strip of pier, where small craft are usually found moored.

The Ecclesiastical structures, however, are perhaps still more deserving of attention, of which there are not a few rather stately fabrics. South Leith Church which stands on the east side of the Kirkgate, moved back from the thoroughfare about twenty yards, and surrounded by a graveyard, very neatly arranged and beautifully kept, in which many of the famed and influential of the district sleep their long deep sleep, is a noble edifice of the early Gothic type. It has a very handsome tower, rising from the ground in the north-west corner, and terminating in an elegant Gothic balustrade, on the right of which, in the gable of the church fronting the street, is a magnificent window of richly stained glass, which, when lit up by the rays of the setting sun or by the lights within, produces a fine effect. The old church, which this has displaced, was perhaps a still more imposing fabric. In its style it was likewise Gothic, but cruciform in its construction, with a turret or spire of wood and metal springing from its summit. It suffered in the conflagration of 1544, caused by the invasion of the Earl of Hertford, and was diminished to the nave. We may add that on the suppression of the church at Restalrig in 1609, this became the parochial place of worship, and was originally dedicated to St. Mary. St. John's Church, at first a chapel of ease, but now erected into a separate charge, is likewise an interesting building. It has a tower of two stages, the first quadrangular and adorned with pinnacles at the angles, the other octangular and surmounted by a balustrade and numerous pinnacles. Altogether the fabric is rather of the showy or flowery type, and when seen at a distance has a somewhat gingery or fantastic appearance. Another structure of the kind, not very far from it but in a different street, is perhaps a still better specimen of ecclesiastical architecture: we refer to Free St. John's.

It was erected only a few years ago in consequence of the congregation being ejected from their old place of worship by a decree of the Law Courts in favour of the Auld Kirk. The building is of a composite character, has a very handsome tower topped by an open crown-like spire, after the manner of St. Giles' in Edinburgh, and is a great ornament to the town. The Episcopal Church, however, is decidedly the finest structure of the kind in the parish. It is in the light Gothic style, and cruciform, with buttresses along its side walls, and a fine semicircular apse on the east gable. On the south-east side is a massive and well-proportioned tower, springing from the ground and terminating in a spire of a peculiarly airy and graceful appearance. The windows are all of stained glass, with beautiful figures of Scripture scenes and characters painted on them; the furnishings are of the most handsome description; and it is said to possess a peal of bells the finest in Scotland. The churches of the United Presbyterian denomination and the other Non-conforming bodies in this quarter are all of an humbler character, although that of St. Andrew's Place in the Links, and Great Junction Street, on the margin of that broad and much frequented thoroughfare, are both very large and massive structures, and internally not quite destitute of very comely and effective ornamentation.

In North Leith, likewise, there are a few very stately and attractive ecclesiastical fabrics. The United Presbyterian Church in Coburg Street, near the Citadel, is a conspicuous erection, with a Gothic front, central pediment and balustrade, and flanked with embrasured turrets. St. Ninian's, a little further to the north-west, looking into Dock Street, and quite adjacent to the old Saxon arch which formed one of the entrances into the Citadel, is also an interesting structure. It is of the early Gothic, with handsome doorway and main window, sided by two small octangular towers with pinnacles. The history of this church, if we were at liberty to give it, is well worth relating. The North Leith Free Church in Ferry Road, too, is a characteristic building. Not that we are quite pleased with it in many ways, for it has always appeared to us rather dumpy and out of proportion,—the façade being far too heavy and massive for the rest of the edifice. Still, if viewed quite in front, with its fine Gothic entrance, noble window of exquisite tracery and stained glass, and tall stately tower and spire, it produces a good effect. The North Leith Parish Church, however, is confessedly the most imposing structure of the kind in this quarter. Not that it has much to boast of in the way of ornateness or elaboration; it is rather a plain building, of an oblong form, and distinguished for no particular style of architecture; but its

very massiveness, adorned in front with a tetrastyle Ionic portico, surmounted by a tower of three stages with columns at the angles,—the first Doric, the second Ionic, and the third Corinthian—with a fluted octangular spire of a light graceful formation, lend it an air of great and solemn impressiveness. Its origin is somewhat interesting. At first merely a chapel, erected by Robert Bellenden, Abbot of Holyrood, in the fifteenth century, endowed with certain revenues and dedicated to St. Ninian, it was erected in the year 1606 into a parish, the inhabitants at the time purchasing the chaplain's house, the tithes, and other pertinents from the then Commendator of Holyrood. The old church still stands in a by-street near the upper drawbridge, but is now converted into the secular use of corn-lofts or grain-stores; the only thing remaining characteristic of the original fabric being the ancient tower with its slated spire and gilded vane. Such was the humble or unassuming foundation upon which this now stately and imposing edifice has been reared.

Of the docks as public buildings not much need be said here. The first, it would seem, was formed in 1718, when a stone pier was built. Since then Leith has largely increased her shipping accommodation, the number of her docks, both wet and dry, keeping pace with her requirements. These docks, and especially the latest formed of them, are of the roomiest and most convenient description, having all the most modern and improved appliances for loading and unloading. There is another, to the east of the Albert Dock, now in the course of erection, which in extent and other marine advantages will greatly outstrip all the others, and which is expected to be opened in a year or two. These facts tell their own tale. Leith as a commercial centre is rapidly extending, and the tonnage of her shipping annually increasing. The following statistics, as illustrative of the fact, may be interesting:—In the year 1650, three vessels of 271 tons belonged to the port; in 1692, vessels to the extent of 1702 tons; in 1740, 2628 tons; in 1787, 14,150 tons; in 1808, 20,022 tons; in 1849, 22,499 tons; in 1864, 56,215 tons; and in the present year 1876, it may be found that the tonnage will not be much under 80,000.¹

Nor is Leith quite destitute of all literary repute, although in this respect she may not compare favourably with many other towns of much less importance. John Home, the author of 'Douglas, a Tragedy,' was a native of the place. His father was the town-clerk, and lived in a house at the east corner of Quality Street, which was taken down some forty years ago to make room

¹ I would here thankfully acknowledge my indebtedness to D. W. Henderson, Esq., corn-broker, Leith, for these statistics and other informatory helps.

for other erections. The drama is an excellent piece of poetical composition, finely conceived and interestingly wrought out, and gives unmistakeable evidence that the writer was possessed, in no mean degree, of the higher developments of the tragic Muse. The town can boast, too, of the Rev. John Logan, one of the ministerial incumbents of South Leith, author of a popular volume of sermons, some of the Paraphrases, and one or two productions of a dramatic kind. Logan had a gift Muse-ward certainly, and did now and again emit a few sweet notes; but the very best of the things which he had the audacity to publish as his own were *not* his own. Poor, shrinking, simple-hearted, consumptive Bruce was cruelly treated by this friend of his! To pilfer from him those fine, plaintive, bird-like lays, 'Few are thy days, and full of woe,' 'Behold my servant, see him rise,' and especially that inimitably simple and beautifully tender effusion, his 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' and claim them as *his*, thus robbing a friend, and a friend departed, of his just meed of praise—O the heartlessness of the man! Strange too that a native of Leith should have been the righter of the bitter wrong thus done Bruce. Dr. Mackelvie, who with a brave heart and a fearless hand stript this literary jackdaw of his borrowed plumage, and reduced him to his own honest coat of decent black, was the son of humble parents, and if not born, at least was brought up, in the Kirkgate, and to him in this, as in other respects, literature owes its heartiest thanks. The Rev. Dr. Michael Russel, of the Episcopal Chapel here, likewise distinguished himself in the world of letters; besides several works of great culture and elegance of composition which he wrote, he was also the accomplished author of the 'Connection of Sacred and Profane History, in continuation of Prideaux,' a work of great learning and research, and which entitles him to rank very high both as a scholar and a writer. In like manner Mr. Cuthbertson, of the Secession body, and one of the ministers of Leith, is not unknown as an author: he wrote a very able, temperate and well received exposition of the Book of Revelation, published in three quarto volumes, one of the best popular interpretations perhaps of this wonderful Scripture which has been written. Mr. Cuthbertson, again, was the immediate predecessor of the late Dr. Smart, of whose sermons a neat quarto volume has been issued since his death, with a very excellently written memoir of the good man by his life-long and highly esteemed friend and brother, the Rev. Principal Harper, D.D. The Rev. Dr. Colquhoun also published several popular books of a pious nature, and the Rev. Principal Harper has been long favourably known as a gentleman of literary distinction and eminent erudition.

There are other names, both living and dead, which well deserve some notice here ; but our limits forbid. There are two, however, we must not overlook ; we refer to Robert Nicoll and Robert Gilfillan. Of the former we regret to say that Leith has not shown herself very sensible of the honour his connection with her has conferred ; otherwise she never would have suffered his grave to remain so long in the neglected and shameful condition in which it is. On paying it a visit the other day, we were perfectly shocked to find it quite overgrown with rank grass and nettle, with nothing to mark it off from the other deep deep sleepers but an humble stone with the humble inscription, 'In memory of Robert Nicoll, Author of Poems and Lyrics, who died on the 7th December 1837, aged 23 years.' A youthful genius of so much promise, which the rude, rough hand of death had so prematurely plucked, denying him the opportunity of cultivating and ripening into fruit the mighty potentialities which were in him, deserves a sweeter spot and a more adorned resting-place. Surely it would involve no great sacrifice on the part of our merchant princes, and would be creditable alike to their head and their heart, to raise over his lowly dust some tablet or monument honouring to him and worthy of themselves.

And what is true of Robert Nicoll in this respect is, in some measure, true also of his brother-lyrist, Robert Gilfillan. He has not had the honour done him, either, that his name and memory deserve ; and we trust the day is not far distant when our fellow-townsmen will bestir themselves in the matter, and evince, in some substantial and handsome way, their livelier sympathy with, and deeper interest in, the genius and eminence which has budded and blossomed in their own streets and within their own walls. Gilfillan, like Nicoll, although not a native of, was very early in life connected with, Leith, long occupying the situation of collector of police rates in the burgh,—not a lucrative office certainly, but one in which he could fairly live,—and employing his leisure hours in courting the Muses, and pouring out those short, sweet, linnet-like liltings of which he has given us but too few. James Hogg says of Burns's fine song, 'The Lass o' Ballochmyle,' that 'upon first reading it, it made the hair of his head stand on end, he thought it so beautiful.' We cannot say that we were just so moved upon hearing sung for the first time that tender, regretful effusion of our Leith bard, 'O why left I my hame!' but we thought it very beautiful. Elliot the poet observes of Nicoll, 'Unstained and pure, at the age of 23, died Scotland's second Burns.' We have no such high word of praise for Gilfillan ; but this at least we shall venture to say, that, if not 'a second Burns,' he has at any rate much of

Burns's sweetness and pathos, and emits in many of those musically strung and beautifully expressed warblings of his the true Burns's intonation or ring.

'The idea of their lives should sweetly creep
 Into *our* study of imagination ;
 And every lovely organ of *their* lives
 Should come apparell'd in more precious habit
 Into the eye and prospect of *our* souls
 Than when *they* lived indeed.'

PORTOBELLO.

Travelling eastward for about two miles along the shore we reach this town, pleasantly situated and looking out upon the Firth, with a considerable extent of fine level sandy beach, which renders it a most enjoyable place during the summer for sea-side holiday-seekers. It lies in the parish of Duddingstone, and is comparatively of recent origin. Little over half a century ago it could hardly be said to have an existence; and it is only within these last thirty years that it has shot up into anything like its present extensive and imposing dimensions. Indeed, within the memory of many still living, the whole district around was one rude barren waste, covered with furze or whin, the haunts of the tinker, the smuggler, and the robber. 'The Figget,' as it was then called, was the terror of travellers in that direction after nightfall, and many are the stories told of hairbreadth escapes, daring rencontres, and cruel, murderous assaults, as associated with the locality. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to state that, at a much earlier period, this same wild, whin-covered district—the last remnants of which may be seen on the north and south-east slopes of Arthur's Seat—gave shelter to a much more respectable set of outlaws,—to Wallace and his brave compatriots who at this time were meditating an attempt on Berwick.

The proprietor meanwhile began to bestir himself. He foresaw that the district, wild and waste as it was, was capable of improvement, and he set himself to do what might have been done long years before,—to reclaim and enclose the land. Very noticeably, too, just about this time, and a little inland from the shore of this ill-reputed and dreary quarter, an humble, solitary cottage was seen to arise. Tradition says that it was built and inhabited by a retired sailor. As the story runs, he had served under Admiral Vernon in his South American Expedition in 1739, and returning with the little prize-money he had been prudent enough to save, erected this



ALICE HAMILTON PHOTOGRAPH

DUDDINGSTON LOCH AND CHURCH.

dwelling, naming it Portobello, in commemoration of the bombardment of a town of that name at which he had been present. This cottage, situated on the south side of the main street, and still pointed out to strangers, formed the nucleus around which other houses arose, which, increasing in number and respectability, as time rolled on, have in these days of ours blossomed into the important and much-frequented watering-place it has become. So originated both the name and town of our Scottish Brighton.

Very early in its history the manufacture of bricks and tiles was instituted. Shortly afterwards a pottery was started, and that again was followed at short intervals by other public works, as bottle-making, crystal and glass-cutting, a paper-mill, and chemical works. These, for the most part, are all built on the banks of the rivulet called the Figget Burn, which falls into the sea at the west end of the town, and which constitutes the boundary between the parishes of Duddingstone and South Leith.

Originally the town does not appear to have been built regularly, or on any plan, as there is an evident want of uniformity or orderliness in the laying out of the streets, and the style of the houses. Each proprietor seems to have been left very much to his own mind in the matter, and, as taste or means or circumstances dictated, erected a larger or smaller dwelling, without any reference either to character or effect. The consequence is that we have, in a great measure, a town of almost all sizes and styles of building : handsome villas retiring from the public view, embowered nest-like in a sea of foliage : and houses of an humbler and meaner class close upon, or skirting the thoroughfare, presenting a cold, stiff, and uninteresting aspect to the visitor, unrelieved either by tree, plant, or flower-plot. Latterly, indeed, this has to a great extent been corrected. Within these thirty or forty years the style and character of the architecture, as well as the regular and orderly disposition of the streets, have had the attention of competent judges, and the more modern parts of the town are now all that could be desired in these respects. Altogether, Portobello is a fine town, interesting in itself and fortunate in its surroundings : the city of Edinburgh within an easy walk, with Arthur's Seat, the village of Duddingstone, Duddingstone Loch, the grounds of Abercorn, and the grand historic ruin of Craigmillar Castle ; Leith, a quaint old seaport of stirring memories, with its spacious harbour, magnificent docks, and numerous fleet of steamers ever in motion, telling in poetic utterance of the life, energy, and enterprise abroad in these days of ours ; and Musselburgh also, 'the honest town,' two miles or so to the east, is not without its attractions, alike to the antiquarian, the historian, or the

mere lover of scenery: Portobello, thus happily surrounded and pleasantly situated, is a most attractive town, and has many and decided advantages over any other seaside watering-place within the circle of our knowledge.

MUSSELBURGH,

Which lies a little to the east of Portobello, is a town of considerable antiquity. It is situated close to the sea-shore, on a low, flat expanse, with Inveresk overlooking it on the south, and Fisherrow, separated from it by the river Esk, on the west. Both Musselburgh and Fisherrow are embraced in the parish of Inveresk, and may be regarded as forming but one township.

Fisherrow is a somewhat uncomfortable-looking place, consisting of one long main street, a back street, with a number of close dirty lanes and by-lanes, chiefly inhabited by fishers and the poorer classes of the population. In the principal thoroughfare, indeed, and especially in the east towards the bridge spanning the river, there are many very good houses, while in the outskirts, again, are several villas of a very handsome and commodious character. The town has a harbour, in which, notwithstanding the heavy dues levied by the municipality, light craft discharging their cargoes are frequently found: it shares likewise in the government of the burgh, and has the right to elect a certain number of its 'residents' to the magistracy. The fishing community, although perhaps not equal to their *confrères* of Newhaven in forethought and industry, are yet in the main very active and frugal: the men sedulously plying the line and the net in catching the finny inhabitants of the deep, and their wives and daughters as diligent and laborious in their efforts to sell them.

Musselburgh, on the other hand, is a clean, tidy, pleasant-looking town, and has a history that runs back to a time somewhat earlier even than that of Malcolm Canmore, being known to the Northumbrian Saxons as a seat of population nearly nine hundred years ago, by the name of *Eske Muthē*. Very likely, however, it was then a place of no importance, a mere hamlet in the manors of Inveresk with which it was connected, and sharing subsequently their fortunes as gifts by the King and his royal lady to the abbot and monks of the already opulent and important monastery of Dunfermline.

Inveresk, it would appear, was divided at that early day into Great and Little Inveresk, and extended nearly three miles from east to west, and about two from north to south. The situation is perhaps one of the most delightful to be found in Scotland: the northern portion flattening towards the sea and

spreading away into fertile downs, green wavy links, and sandy shingly beach, while the southern portion, on the contrary, gently rises, swelling up into a somewhat elongated mount of rich arable land, on which the church, surrounded by its beautiful and well-kept graveyard, stands forth a conspicuous object, and seen from far and near. From this elevation, though little more than fifty feet above the level of the sea, one of the most extensive and interesting views of the district is to be had: the fine bay of Musselburgh opening out into the Forth, dotted with many a sail, with the shores of Fife and the Lomonds in the distance: Edinburgh on the west with its noble castle, censor-like, looking down with calm, grave countenance upon all the bustle and roar, joy and sorrow, beauty and deformity, virtue and vice, learning and ignorance, congregated around it: Arthur's Seat, in its lion-like repose, raising its huge back to the heavens, clothed with the freshness of May's green month, and basking with evident pleasure its rocky flanks in the genial radiance of an unclouded sun, overlooking Leith with its numerous shipping and busy active population, and Portobello with its half-aristocratic and half-working-man's dress, dreamily resting at its feet: while away to the south and east, extends the verdant vale of the Esk, with its green fields, thickly wooded plantations, and silvery thread of shining waters—here and there flashing back through the dense foliage the bright fierce rays of the burning splendour overhead—gradually expanding, and rising up into, and forming the pretty, but sadly historic hills of Carberry and Falside.

This mount, however, is celebrated for other and it may be more important things than the interesting and extensive view to be had from it. History relates that the Romans, while in the province of *Valentia*, had a station here, and repeated discoveries point to this place as the spot where the *pretorium* was reared: for example, a cave with an altar on which was the inscription, APPOLINI GRANNO, QUINTUS LUCIUS LABINIANUS PROCONSUL AUGUSTI, *votum susceptum solvit, lubens merito*, was found in April of the year 1565; in January 1783, again, a Roman bath of two rooms, a most interesting relic, was uncovered, which is very fully described by the Rev. Dr. Carlyle, then minister of the parish, in the *Statistical Account*: two medals were also discovered about the same time and in the same place—the one of gold, very much defaced, is supposed to be of Trajan,—the other of copper, very fresh and entire, bears the inscription, *Diva Faustina*: besides these there are traditions, of a very authoritative character, to the effect that in digging the foundations of certain houses in Fisherrow similar ruins of *Hypocausta* have been struck, the material and construction of which affording no feeble proof that this

station was not military merely, but was, in the language of Rome, a *Municipium* or *Colonia Romana*.

If Inveresk, in an antiquarian point of view, has its interest, so also has Musselburgh. The old stone bridge, a little above the town, and used now only by foot-passengers, is of great antiquity, and generally supposed to be of Roman construction. Like all erections of the kind and of a similar period, it is narrow and high in the centre, the middle obviously having been defended by a gate, after the manner of Bothwell Bridge and other structures of a like nature elsewhere, of which some traces still remain in its side-walls. It was across this bridge that the Scottish army passed to the battle of Pinkie in 1547, and on which several of the soldiers were then killed by the shot of the



THE OLD BRIDGE.

English warships in the bay. Two centuries later the army of Prince Charles Stuart crossed the same bridge on its way to meet the forces of Sir John Cope on their march westward from Dunbar, and which sustained such a disastrous defeat at Preston, resulting in the lamented death of that brave and good man, the celebrated Colonel Gardiner. Indeed, across it all the noble and kingly that approached Edinburgh from this quarter, for at least a thousand years, must have passed: Mary's frolic steed, as it pranced gaily on, proud of the beauteous burden it bore; Cromwell's thundering war-horse, as he pawed the ground and neighed out his haughty challenge upon the air, fearless in his great strength as the strong man that bestrode him; with the processions of monks, the marches of armies, and the trains of kings.

Pinkie House, too, towards the east of the town and on the south side of the road, is a place of great historic interest. 'It consists of two sides of a quadrangle, the square formerly completed by a wall now removed, in the centre of which was a well or fountain of elaborate and beautiful architecture, coeval with the house, but which is now disused.' Originally, this mansion was the country-house of the Abbot of Dunfermline; and after various changes of fortune and proprietorship, passed into the hands of Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline, a man of eminent ability and influence, who in the beginning of the seventeenth century altered it into its present form, and made it the principal seat of his residence. But other and more noble men than the Earl seem to have slept under its roof, as a room in it, of great curiosity, from its elaborate and fanciful decorations, usually called the King's Room, would indicate: at any rate it is certain that Prince Charles, 'the



PINKIE HOUSE.

night after his victory at Preston, as well as *that* of the last day of October, when on his march from Edinburgh into England, found a lodging in it. Indeed, there are few houses in the county of greater interest than this fine old mansion of Gothic architecture, with its air-of-eld look, rich, well-wooded groves through which the Scottish muse has sent its thrilling notes, and adjacent fields and heights with their hallowed associations of battle, defeat, and victory, dear to the heart and sacred to the memory of every leal son of 'the land of the bluebell and the heather.' The Jail also is an interesting object, arresting the step and fixing the attention of the stranger, as he saunters on through the streets, by its quaint appearance and antique structure. In like manner, the Morrison's Haven Masonic Lodge, if not calling for any special remark in itself, is yet worthy of notice from the fact that it is built upon the site of that odd Flemish-looking house, with its buttressed front and conical windows, each surmounted by a rose carved in stone, in which the

celebrated Randolph, Earl of Murray and brother to Robert the Bruce, died in 1332, poisoned by an English priest. So, at the west end of the same street, there still stands, now very faded and very forlorn indeed, but still stands, the dwelling in which Commissioner Cardonnel is said to have 'received Dr. Smollett, as noted in the facetious letters of Humphry Clinker;' while the villa of Dovecot, at the outskirts of Fisherrow, at one time the residence of Professor Stuart and his son Gilbert, may yet be seen, a pleasing and picturesque object as viewed from the new bridge, covered with ivy and sprinkled with roses, in the gay summer-time, red, yellow, and white.

Nor are the Links—that flat, extensive plain which lies between Pinkie House and the shore—quite devoid of historic interest. It is related that there, in the year 1638, 'a singular national transaction' took place: thousands of the Covenanters, then up in arms against the mad attempts of the King and his courtiers to overthrow Presbytery and introduce Prelacy into Scotland, had assembled to meet the Marquis of Hamilton, who, as the representative of Majesty, was commissioned to undertake, and if possible carry through, this impolitic piece of high-handed folly. The spectacle utterly confounded the nobleman; and as he rode towards Leith, all the way lined by the friends of the triumphant party—while no fewer than six hundred ministers in Geneva caps and gowns were assembled on a rising ground before the High School there, whose resolute and defiant looks told plainly enough the stern determination to which they had come—he became quite convinced of the hopelessness of the enterprise. Here, too, on these same downs, Cromwell, in 1650, quartered his infantry, his cavalry being lodged in the town: the place where his own tent was pitched is still pointed out to visitors. There are other places besides, in the vicinity of the town, deserving of a passing notice: Stoneyhill, a villa about half a mile up the river, where Colonel Charteris, of infamous repute, breathed his last; Sir William Sharp, son of Archbishop Sharp who was murdered on *Magus Moor* near St. Andrews, at a somewhat earlier date, likewise resided here; while more remotely still, and during the terrorism of an ignorant and over-zealous clergy, it was the selected scene for the burning of those poor miserable wretches who had the misfortune of being branded in that day with the hateful appellation of witch. New Hailes again, the seat of Lord Hailes, the eminent judge and distinguished historian, is only some few hundred yards farther west, where his library, of great extent and rich in antiquarian lore, still remains, a true exponent of the intellectual bent and wide and many-sided culture of the man. Then onwards from thence in a south-east direction, a pleasant walk of easy accom-

plishment conducts to Carberry Hill, ever memorable as the place where the beauteous Mary, after her unhappy marriage with Bothwell, surrendered herself into the hands of the confederate lords, whence she was conveyed to Edinburgh, amid the taunts and reproaches of the populace, giving vent to her deep grief and despair in blinding tears and bitter lamentations; while to the north again, and down near the shore to the distance of a mile or two, is the scene of the battle between the half-armed Highlanders of Prince Charles and the thoroughly equipped forces of Sir John Cope, and where the latter suffered such a complete and disgraceful overthrow, numbering among the slain on the occasion one daring and distinguished officer, 'the good and the gallant Gardiner,' who, 'disdaining to save his life at the expense of his honour,' fell, fighting bravely on foot, pierced by shot and covered with wounds, in sight of his own threshold.

Musselburgh of late years does not seem to have undergone much change. It presents very nearly the same appearance that it did when Charles Stuart, passing through it on his march southward, bowed to the ladies who surveyed him from their windows, bending to the young and beautiful among them till his hair even mingled with the mane of his charger. Here and there indeed a dwelling of a more spacious and imposing kind has been erected in the principal thoroughfare; and in the outskirts or suburbs, villas and mansions of a very ornate and handsome style, beautified with tree and shrubbery and flower-plot, the abodes of wealth and luxury, with a fine row of neat, comfortable, picturesque cottages, running parallel with the west bank of the river, the happy homes of fortunate merchants or retired sea-captains, have recently sprung up. With all this, however, Musselburgh for centuries has altered but little. We feel, as we saunter through it, from the unevenness or irregularity of its architecture, as well as from the many blind closes, and narrow and divergent lanes and alleys, that it is a place of great antiquity. Still, Musselburgh is a clean, tidy, interesting town; finely situated, surrounded with scenery for richness, variety, and extent rarely surpassed; and connected with historic incident of a national character and importance, which stirs the blood and fires the heart of every leal-souled Scotsman. Randolph, the noble brother of the royal Bruce, lived and died here; here Dugald Stewart, the genial gentleman and learned sage, thought out his '*Philosophical Essays*' and prepared them for the press; Dr. Carlyle, the *Jupiter Tonans* of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland—a brave old soul in many ways, of a half-Christian half-pagan type—here preached a sort of moral essays, made bad puns, and entertained at his hospitable table all the wit, the learning,

and the poetry of his times ; and here too the kindly-hearted and richly-gifted Delta, the fast friend of the brilliant Christopher of *Noctes Ambrosianæ* fame, and a regular contributor to the immortal *Maga*, lived, and laboured, and sung—dividing his time very much between healing the sick and glorifying the *belles lettres*, and to whose memory ‘the honest town’ has done well in raising that fine statue of him, by Brodie, at the south end of the new bridge. Musselburgh truly is a grand old town. We know few places we should like better to spend the afternoon of our life-day in, if we should ever be so fortunate as to have such an afternoon, which, to say the least, is very problematical.

‘O bless’d retirement ! friend to life’s decline,
Retreat from care, that never may be mine !
A youth of labour with an age of ease !’



THE NEW BRIDGE.



CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE

ROSLIN, HAWTHORNDEN,

AND THE

VALE OF THE ESK.

BY FLORA MASSON.

—◆—
'SWEET are the paths, O passing sweet,
By Esk's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, thro' copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun ;

From that fair dome where suit is paid
By blast of bugle free,
To Auchendinny's hazel shade,
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden ?'

So wrote Scott of the Esk ; and he maintained that no river in Scotland could boast such a varied succession of interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery.¹ In his boyhood he delighted to ramble along its banks. The happy summers of his early married life were spent in a cottage at Lasswade ; and more than once he has celebrated the little river in song. His *Gray Brother*, *Cadyow Castle*, and the story of Fair Rosabelle in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, are all legends of the Vale of the Esk.

Much of its romantic and beautiful scenery remains to this day. True, the mills along its course have discoloured its waters, and here and there we come upon a chimney-stalk discreetly nestled among trees ; but the Vale of the Esk remains ;—thickly-wooded, rich in associations, dotted with ruins, bordered by

¹ See the *Gray Brother*, and Note to Appendix.

battle-fields. The stream has played no unimportant part in Scottish literature and history. In war its waters have been stained with blood, in peace our poets and philosophers have mused upon its banks; and in spite of the reverses of fortune it is a proud little river to this day, and one of which the people of Mid-Lothian are naturally fond.

There are in reality two Esks: the South Esk, rising on the borders of Mid-Lothian and Tweeddale among the Moorfoot Hills, and flowing northwards to the Forth; and the North Esk, rising on the southern slope of the Pentlands, and also flowing northwards. These streams unite at Dalkeith to form the Esk proper, which falls into the sea at Musselburgh. By our title 'The Vale of the Esk' we mean rather the vale of the North Esk, and of the Esk proper after the confluence of the sister streams. We have nothing to do, therefore, with the South Esk until it reaches Dalkeith, but must find our way to the foot of the Pentlands, where the North Esk begins its seaward journey.

Here at once we are on interesting ground, the site of a religious house and hospice for benighted travellers, on the old high-road to the capital. The names *Monkshaugh* and *Friarton* are found in the neighbourhood, as also a farm called the *Spittal*, where a few years back wayfarers were still made welcome to bed and board according to the ancient custom. Here also is Newhall House, in the early part of last century the property of Mr. John Forbes, an Edinburgh advocate, and the rendezvous of the wiggled wits and savans of the metropolis. The Scottish poet Allan Ramsay used to spend many a long summer day at Newhall when he could get away from his book-shop in the old town of Edinburgh; and the Vale of the Esk at Newhall is generally considered to be the scene of his exquisite little pastoral, *The Gentle Shepherd*. The scenery of the place accords exactly to his descriptions. The 'trottin' burnie' may be seen 'wimplin thro' the ground.' Primroses 'paint the green,' the laverocks chant to their hearts' content, and the 'westlin' winds sough thro' the reeds.' Or let us, with pretty Peggy,

'Gae'far'er up the burn to Habbie's Howe,
Where a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow:
There 'tween twa birks, out ower a little lin,
The water fa's and mak's a singin' din;
A pool breast-deep beneath, as clear as glass,
Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bord'ring grass.'

At this part of the Vale we find *Patie's Hill* and *Peggy's Lea*; but whether

they were named after the rustic lovers in the poem, or whether Allan Ramsay chose the names from their association with the place, we are unable to discover.

Further on, past the ruins of Brunstane Castle, lies Penicuik village, with Penicuik House and its famous Ossian Hall, painted by Runciman. In the Valleyfield grounds we come upon a monument, the only relic of a phase in Penicuik history long since passed away. Here in 1810 the Valleyfield mills on the banks of the Esk were turned into a dépôt for six thousand prisoners of war, and the peaceful little cottages around into temporary barracks. For four years the red-coats were quartered here; and, when the war was over and the mills were set to work again, this monument was raised over the grave of more than three hundred prisoners of war who had died in these four years. 'Grata quies patriae, sed et omnis terra sepulchrum' was the inscription suggested by Sir Walter Scott, added to which is the magnanimous explanation:—'Certain inhabitants of this parish, desiring to remember that all men are brethren, caused this monument to be erected.' And so the poor Frenchmen passed away without seeing again *la belle France*. Probably they thought Penicuik a *triste* place!

In the neighbouring parish of Glencorse we come to

' Auchendinny's hazel shade,
And haunted Woodhouselee.'

This is an old ruined castle, possessing an authentic legend and ghost. To this castle the lady of Bothwelhaugh fled to escape the anger of the Regent Murray, her husband's implacable foe; but she was followed by the Regent's messengers, who set the castle on fire, and turned out the lady, with her new-born child in her arms, to wander through the November night. When morning came she was found distracted with fear and calling for revenge, and Bothwelhaugh never rested till the Regent was assassinated at Linlithgow. So the story runs. The phantom lady and child haunt Woodhouselee to this day; and, since some of its stones were used to build the newer Woodhouselee among the Pentlands, the seat of the Tytler family, the apparition has kindly divided its attention between the two places.

ROSLIN.

We now approach the most beautiful part of the Vale. The 'rocky glen,' through which the Esk flows, is a mass of luxuriant foliage, so that, from the

heights on either side, one gazes upon a world of moving tree-tops in the ravine below.

A little way back, on the left bank, lies the single-streeted village of Roslin. Between the village and the Esk, on a grassy height called the College Hill, stands the Chapel; and some hundred yards below, on a rocky promontory, formed by a bend in the river, are the ruins of the Castle, accessible only by a stone bridge of great height which spans a natural ravine between the promontory and the College Hill. From this position the Castle derived its name—*Roslinne*, the promontory of the waterfall. The Esk forms a cascade as it bends sharply round the promontory, and it is still at this point called 'the Lynn.'

The St. Clairs, or Sinclairs, of Roslin, or Rosslyn, trace their descent from a 'Seemly St. Clair,' a Norman knight of fair deportment, who 'came in' with the Conqueror, and whom Malcolm Canmore diplomatically allured over the border by big grants of Scottish land. Roslin, amongst other places, was given to the family, and the Castle probably dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century. From that time it was the chief residence of the St. Clairs. In 1622, when it had begun to fall away, a newer house was built over its vaults; and this was inhabited about eighty years ago by a good old Scottish Laird, the last heir-male and lineal descendant of the 'Seemly St. Clair.' It is still let in summer to families wanting rustic accommodation; and for one season at least it was tenanted in this fashion by the late Mr. Robert Chambers of Edinburgh. The ground about the hoary old ruins is now bright with the fruit and flowers of a market-garden. But in the middle of the fifteenth century the Castle was the seat of the good and scholarly William St. Clair, 'Prince of the Orkneys and Duke of Oldenburgh,' the founder of Roslin Chapel. He was a very great personage indeed, with a town mansion at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd in Old Edinburgh, and a great retinue of lords and gentlemen. Seventy-five gentlewomen attended upon his lady, who, when she rode from Edinburgh to Roslin, was accompanied by a guard of two hundred horse, and also, if it was after nightfall, by eighty bearing torches. On one occasion part of the Castle was set on fire by the carelessness of one of this lady's handmaidens. The women fled in fear; and the Prince, who was upon the College Hill at the time, no doubt superintending the building of his pet Chapel, on hearing of the fire, 'was sorry for nothing but the loss of his charters and other writings.' These, which were kept in the dungeon-head, his chaplain cleverly saved, throwing them out—four boxfuls of them—and following himself on a bell-rope tied to a beam. The good Prince rewarded

his chaplain, re-comforted his ladies, and went on building his Chapel. He increased his charity to the poor by way of thanksgiving, 'applying the safety of his charters and writs to God's particular providence.'¹

This was not the only misfortune which befell the Castle. A century after, when Henry VIII. was demanding the infant Queen of Scots for his son Edward, Roslin, with several other castles in the south, was partially destroyed by the English army. Again, a century later, Monk battered at its doors; and in 1688 it was plundered by a mob from the city of Edinburgh.



ROSLIN CHAPEL.

The Chapel of Roslin was founded in 1446. As it stands, it is only a small portion of what was to have been a cruciform chapel with a high centre tower. It is quite a unique piece of workmanship. For the sake of a name, it is called 'florid Gothic;' but it is really unlike any other piece of architecture on the face of the earth. It was the pet and plaything of its founder, who employed upon it all the skilful European masons whom he could attract to Scotland by his munificent prices. They indulged their art freely, ornamenting and super-ornamenting, till the Chapel is a medley of decoration and design,

¹ Manuscript Account by Father Hay in Advocates' Library, Edinburgh: *vide* Statistical Account of Scotland—Roslin.

exquisite, quaint, grotesque, from the beautiful spiral foliage cut upon the 'Prentice's Pillar,' to the heavenly host playing upon the bagpipes. Successive generations of Earls of Rosslyn have been buried, coffinless, and weighted with armour, in its vault; and it is an old belief that, the night before any calamity befalls a St. Clair, tongues of ruddy flame are seen shooting from the Chapel roof.

Roslin Moor, a little to the north of the village, was the scene of a famous battle, fought in 1302 between 8000 Scotch, under Comyn, and the great English army of 30,000 men. The Scotch were victorious, and the English fled. It is said that the names in the neighbourhood are witnesses to the carnage of that day. 'Shinbanes field' is where bones were found many a year afterwards; 'Stinking-rig' was the general burying-ground; the 'Kill-burn' was a brook which ran blood-red for three days after the battle; while 'Mount-marle,' a farm on the Hawthornden estates, was named after one of the English leaders, who, towards the end of the day, received the warning command, 'Mount, Marle, and ride!' So they say.

HAWTHORNDEN.

'What'sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be of bondage free,
Far from the madding worldlings' hoarse discords,
Sweet flowery place, I first did learn of thee.'

The 'sweet flowery place' was Hawthornden and the writer was the poet Drummond. We will introduce them by an extract:—

'Half-an-hour's rail from Edinburgh, if you have not preferred walking (and the distance to the pedestrian is but about seven miles), brings you to a quiet country-road, in which you see a lodge and gate marking the avenue to a mansion. Having obtained the necessary admission, you pursue this avenue, which descends slightly from the road, with trees in rich abundance on both sides, and a fine view of the Pentland Hills in front. Hardly have you noticed this view of the Pentlands when the farther descent veils it, and, passing through grounds where a few quaint clipped yew-bushes remind you of old gardening tastes, you face a venerable and most picturesque-looking edifice. The left side, as you face it, consists of a hoary mass of ivy-clad masonry, perhaps six hundred years old, while the more inhabited part to the right is a pleasant irregular house, with gables and a turret, in the style of the early part



HAWTHORNDEN

NORTH-FLOWERS PLACE

of the seventeenth century. Over a gateway near the middle, leading into an inner court, you see armorial bearings carved in the stone, and decipher the motto, *Hos gloria reddit honores*. . . . Not, however, till you have moved from immediately in front of the mansion, so as to survey it in flank and depthwise to the back, are you aware of its full picturesqueness. If you move to the right, you find yourself on a path edging a deep, precipitous, thickly-wooded dell, with the Esk below, and you see, on glancing back, that the more modern portion of the mansion overhangs this dell behind, the windows of the chief rooms looking down into the dell, and athwart its woody labyrinth, with a steepness almost dizzying. . . . For a new surprise, you must return, repass the front and doorway, and descend on the other or left flank of the house, where there is a massive block of very ancient masonry to which the rest is an evident addition. The block or tower rests also on the sandstone rock springing up from the dell behind; and it is part of the established procedure of a visit that you should grope your way through a dark excavation pointed out to you in the rock itself, just beneath the masonry which it supports. Descending a few steps, and stooping along this mine-like gallery, you come to a hideous circular shaft, once a well, sunk deep down through the rock, with an embrasure atop opening out dangerously on the clear chasm of the dell; and thence, by similar communications, you reach two chambers, also cut out of the rock. One is a mere dark cavern, in which several men could hide or sleep; the other admits more light, and has the peculiarity that its sides all round, about ten or twelve feet in the longest direction and four or five feet in the other, are scooped out into a number of square holes or recesses, separated from each other, vertically and horizontally, by partitions an inch or two thick, much after the fashion of a bottle-rack for some Troglodyte or Cyclops. When these caverns were made, and for what purpose or in what freak, no mortal can tell. . . .

‘Were there no special traditions of a historical kind about Hawthornden House, were it simply the picturesque edifice we have described, overhanging the beautiful glen of the Esk, part of it bringing back the seventeenth century by its look, and part recalling a remoter and more savage Scottish eld, it would be worth visiting, and would probably attract visitors. This, however, is not the case. Hawthornden House has been for three centuries in the possession of a family of Drummonds, a branch of the wider Scottish race of that name, and it is interesting as having been the residence of one man of this family who took for himself a place in British Literature, and is known pre-eminently as *the* Drummond of Hawthornden. He it was indeed

that built the more modern portion of the mansion as we now see it, repairing or renewing the more ancient house that stood on the same rock and fragments of which still remain. Hawthornden, in short, is a kind of minor Abbotsford, much nearer Edinburgh, and much more antique than the greater one; and it is this that makes it an object of curiosity, and invests all its accessories with a precise human interest.¹

Perhaps the most interesting fact in Drummond's life was the visit paid to him by Ben Jonson, who had walked from London into Scotland. He had not come, as is generally stated, *on purpose* to see Drummond; but he had known Drummond by reputation for some time, and was very glad to make his acquaintance personally. Accordingly, after having met Drummond in Edinburgh (where Jonson, as a celebrity from London, was received with great distinction by all classes of people, and even presented with the freedom of the city at a banquet in his honour), he accepted Drummond's invitation to stay a week or two with him in Hawthornden House. The time was about the Christmas of 1618 or the New Year's Day of 1619; and the visit has been sketched as follows:—

'Better than most myths of the kind is the myth which would tell us exactly how the visit began. Drummond, it says, was sitting under the great sycamore-tree in front of his house, expecting his visitor, when at length, descending the well-hedged avenue from the public road to the house, the bulky hero hove in sight. Rising, and stepping forth to meet him, Drummond saluted him with "Welcome, welcome, royal Ben!" to which Jonson replied "Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden!" and they laughed, fraternised, and went in together.

'For two or three weeks, at all events, Drummond had Ben Jonson all to himself. There would, doubtless, be friends from Edinburgh, perhaps Scot of Scotstarvet and two or three more, asked out every other day to make dinner-company for the great man; and again, once or twice, Drummond and Ben may have trudged into Edinburgh together in the forenoon, or walked together by cross roads to the house of some neighbour of Drummond's. (Carriages were not then much in fashion near Edinburgh, and I do not think Drummond kept one, or had a horse fit for a rider of Ben's size.) But then, even when there were other guests at Drummond's table, Ben would be the

¹ This and the following extracts are taken from Professor Masson's *Drummond of Hawthornden: The Story of his Life and Writings*.

principal talker ; and, when Ben and Drummond walked briskly together in the winter-weather by the paths in the glen itself, close to the house, or on the high-way or cross-roads near, Ben would still be talking, and Drummond chiefly listening. You must remember also that Drummond's was a bachelor's household, and that, when he and Ben were alone together in the evenings, and the candles were lit in the chief room, and the supper was removed, there would still be wine on the board. Then, if you know anything of the two men, you can see the scene as distinctly as if you had been peeping through the window. You can see the two sitting on snugly by the ruddy fire far into the night, hardly hearing the murmur of the Esk and the moaning of the wind outside, but talking of all things in heaven or earth, Ben telling anecdotes of his London acquaintances back to Shakespeare, and reciting scraps of poetry, and pronouncing criticisms on poets, and Drummond now and then taking out a manuscript from a desk and modestly reading as much as Ben would stand, and Ben helping himself and going off again, and the noise and the laughter always increasing on his part, till Drummond at length would grow dizzy with too much of it, and light their bedroom tapers by way of signal. And next morning you may be sure it would be a late breakfast, and Ben would be surly and taciturn for a while ; but gradually he would come round, and the day's talk would begin again. As surely, I repeat, as if you had been a spy sent to watch, this is what went on in Hawthornden House during that fortnight or so when the great Ben from London was the guest of the cultured Drummond.

The visit was one to be marked with a red mark in Drummond's calendar, Here he had been for many years in his Scottish retirement, far from the London world of politics and letters, and with only such information from that world as might be blown to him among his books by rumour, or brought occasionally by Sir William Alexander and other friends. But now he had under his own roof the very laureate of the London world, the man who had known everybody of note in it since Elizabeth was queen, and whose habits of talk made him the very paragon of gossips. It was, doubtless, a great treat. But there is nothing perfect under the sun. There is evidence that Drummond, when he had Ben all to himself, began to feel that he had caught a Tartar. Ben's own poetry, it is to be remembered, the poetry of general and miscellaneous strength rather than of the pure and soft musical vein, was not that which would have predisposed Drummond to forgive him his personal faults from a sense of literary allegiance. Hence, though he was scrupulously polite to Ben all the while he was his guest, and must have thought him one of the

most massive and impressive fellows he had ever met, his private feeling, as he sat opposite, watching the vast bulk in the chair, and the lighting up of his surly visage as he swilled off glass after glass, must have been "Can this really be the accepted living chief of British Literature?"

Drummond lived at Hawthornden from the time he was four-and-twenty till his death at the age of sixty-three. He composed here his *Tears on the Death of Mæliades*, his *Forth Feasting*, his *Floures of Sion*, and his *Cypress Grave*. He also made a valuable collection of English and foreign books, some portion of which he afterwards presented to the library of Edinburgh University, where he had been educated. He married in the year 1632, and two or three years later enlarged and rebuilt Hawthornden.

'The new house was completed in 1638, when Drummond, to commemorate the event, caused this inscription to be carved over the new doorway: "*Divino munere Gulielmus Drummondus ab Hawthornden, Joannis, Equitis Aurati, Filius, ut honesto otio quiesceret, sibi et successoribus instauravit, 1638*" ("By the divine favour, William Drummond of Hawthornden, son of Sir John Drummond, Knight, that he might rest in honourable ease, founded this house for himself and his successors.") Accordingly, the mansion of Hawthornden which tourists now admire, peaked so picturesquely on its high rock in the romantic glen of the Esk, is not the identical house which Ben Jonson saw, and in which he and Drummond had their immortal colloquies, but Drummond's enlarged edifice of 1638, preserving in it one hardly knows what fragments of the older building.'

A biographer of Drummond, writing in the year 1711, thus records the poet's death:—'In the year 1649, when rebellion was prosperous and triumphant in the utmost degree, the best of kings and men, under a sham pretence of justice, was barbarously murdered at his own palace gate by the worst of subjects and the worst of men. Our author, who was much weakened with close studying and diseases, was so overwhelmed with extreme grief and anguish that he died the 4th of December, wanting only nine days of sixty-four years of age, to the great grief and loss of all learned and good men; and was honourably buried in his own aisle in the church of Lasswade, near to his house of Hawthornden.'

This statement of the cause of Drummond's death is not quite correct. 'Of Drummond's deep feeling,' says Professor Masson, 'about the death of

Charles I., and his despondency over the state of the times, the evidence is sufficient ; but that Charles's death in any way occasioned Drummond's no one is bound to believe. There was an interval of ten months between the two events ; and Drummond had at any rate reached the limit of life that might have been anticipated. He had passed, by seven years, the age attained by his father ; and he had outlived all his brothers and sisters, except his brother James, the next to him in age, who is heard of as surviving him for a year or two.'

Drummond's grave is still to be seen. It is in the churchyard of Lasswade, the parish in which Hawthornden is situated.

LASSWADE VILLAGE.

'The Church and Churchyard of Lasswade are on a height overlooking the village, and about two miles and a half from Hawthornden. The present church was built about a hundred years ago ; but, in a portion of the well-kept churchyard, railed in separately from the rest, as more select and important, there is the fragmentary outline of the smaller old church, with some of the sepulchral monuments that belonged to it. Drummond's own aisle, abutting from one part of the ruined wall, is still perfect, a small arched space of stonework, with a roofing of strong stone slabs, and a grating of iron for door-way. Within that small arched space Drummond's ashes certainly lie, though there is no inscription to mark the precise spot as distinct from the graves of some of his latest descendants who are also buried there, and to one of whom there is a commemorative tablet. The small arched aisle itself is his monument, and it is a sufficient one. There could hardly be a more peaceful rustic burying-ground than that in which it stands, the church and the manse close to it on the height, with only steep descending lanes from them to Lasswade village and to the road leading from Lasswade to Edinburgh.'

The village of Lasswade lies in a leafy hollow, through which runs the Esk. In its churchyard, besides the poet Drummond and other notable Scotchmen of his century, lies Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville, 'the colleague and friend of Pitt, and from 1775 to 1805 the virtual king of Scotland.' His seat, Melville Castle, lies farther down the Esk, between Lasswade and Dalkeith.

It was in the summer of 1798 that Scott and his wife, when they had been a few months married, hired a pretty little cottage at Lasswade. 'It is a small house,' says Lockhart, 'but with one room of good dimensions, which Mrs. Scott's taste set off at very humble cost—a paddock or two, and a garden (commanding a most beautiful view), in which Scott delighted to train his

flowers and creepers. Never, I have heard him say, was he prouder of his handiwork than when he had completed the fashioning of a rustic archway, now overgrown with hoary ivy, by way of ornament to the entrance from the Edinburgh road.'

At Lasswade, long afterwards, De Quincey spent his later years in a small house which used to be called, as it may still be called, 'De Quincey's Cottage.'

DALKEITH.

The market-town of Dalkeith lies between the two rivers, now very near their meeting-point. It derived its name from its position: '*dal*' = wall, and *caetha* = confined,' say the scholars. The town consists mainly of one street running from east to west, now full of new houses and shops, but with here and there an old roof or house-front still to be seen. Diverging from the High Street are narrow alleys or 'closes,' and in many of these the old houses remain untouched. Towards its eastern end, the High Street widens into a market-place. Here, on your left, stand the remains of the ancient church of St. Nicholas, with the modern church tacked on to it. Directly opposite is the old jail, a two-storied stone building with barred windows, the ground-floor of which was used as a weigh-house on market days until both its functions were superseded by the newer police-station and market-hall. Facing us, at the eastern extremity of the town, are the gates of Dalkeith Palace, the seat of the Dukes of Buccleuch.

Of the ancient Castle, built on a high ground, with a drawbridge in front and a ravine at the back, nothing now remains, except perhaps a bit of the outworks down on the banks of the North Esk, at the back of the present Palace. The earliest mention of it dates from the 12th century, when it belonged to the Grahams. Two hundred years after, by the marriage of a Marjory Graham, it went into the hands of the Douglasses, afterwards Earls of Morton. Here Froissart stayed full fifteen days while he was in Scotland. Here the little Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, rested with her retinue on her way to be married at Edinburgh to King James IV., who himself met her at Newbattle and accompanied her to Dalkeith Palace with great ceremony.

The Regent Morton, to whom it descended, repaired and strengthened the Castle, and earned for it the name of 'Lion's Den.' In the following reign it was a favourite resort of the King. When the news of his mother's death at Fotheringay arrived at Edinburgh, King James, in much vexation, went without supper to bed, 'and on the morrow, by seven o'clock, went to

Dalkeith, there to remain solitary.¹ Charles I., on his progress to and from Edinburgh in 1633, rested there one night each way, being entertained with much splendour by the Earl of Morton. Dalkeith, too, was chosen for the place of sitting of the Council and Exchequer in 1637; and here must have been discussed the sore subjects of the Book of Canons and Laud's Service Book. A year later, when the King and the Covenanters were in strife, Dalkeith was among the places attacked. 'On Saturday, the 22d March 1639,' some of the chief Covenanters went thither, 'and with them 1000 commandit musqueteires.' On the estate being delivered to them they discovered, in a 'seller, dowcat, and draw-well,' shot, powder, and muskets, all of which they carried at night to Edinburgh, together with the royal insignia of the kingdom, crown, sword, and sceptre. As they were proceeding with their regal burden from Dalkeith to the capital 'thrie staris fell down above the thrie honoris of the kingdome,' and the omen was understood by the Covenanting lords as 'prognosticating the falling of the monarchicall government from the royall family for a tyme.'²

The Castle and Manor of Dalkeith were purchased in 1642 by Francis, second Earl of Buccleuch, who, dying in 1651, left two little daughters, Mary and Anne. Cromwell had entered Scotland in the July of the year before. Dunbar was fought in September; and, when Cromwell pursued Charles II. into England, General Monk was left in Scotland to keep that country in order. Dalkeith, only six miles from the capital, was then an important place. Here met the Eight Commissioners appointed by the English Long Parliament to manage the incorporation of Scotland with the English Commonwealth. The town was filled with the representatives of the counties and burghs, called to consult with the Commissioners as to the great business. After Cromwell was proclaimed Protector, and the session of the Eight Commissioners was at an end, the 'great concourse of the English army' was still in Dalkeith. The seats of the old church of St. Nicholas were taken out, 'the kirk being so filled with horse and guards that neither sermon nor session could be kept therein.' The key of the poor's-box was lost; the contents of the penalty-box were stolen; and the very minister was affrighted to come near his own parish!

For five years the Palace was leased by General Monk. Here one of his sons died. The body was buried in the chancel of the parish church. Here

¹ Chambers's *Domestic Annals of Scotland*—Reign of James VI.

² *Nicoll's Diary*, p. 78, Bannatyne Club, Edinburgh, 1838.—*Vide* Statistical Account of Scotland—Dalkeith.

also his brother, Mr. Nicholas Monk, stayed with him about two months in the year 1659, having been sent, it is said, to sound his views as to the restoration of Charles. In November 1659, when Monk drew his army together from all parts of Scotland, in preparation for that famous march of his to London, which did lead to the restoration of Charles, Dalkeith at last relapsed into quietude. The crumbling ruins of a long stone building in the old Chapelwell Close, a turning off the High Street nearly opposite the Church, are still known as 'Cromwell's Orderly House.' Cromwell had been in Scotland for about a year, and Dalkeith had been one of his stations; but Monk was there so much longer and so much more familiarly, that if any one meets an English ghost thereabouts at night, in a military costume of the seventeenth century, he may be sure it is Monk's.



DALKEITH PALACE.

The present Palace was built by Anne, sister of the young Mary, from whom it was leased by Monk. Mary was married at the age of eleven to Walter Scott of Harden, and died two years afterwards, leaving the property to her sister Anne. Anne was but twelve years old when she was married to Charles II.'s unfortunate son the Duke of Monmouth, himself only fifteen, and on the day of their marriage they were created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. On the Duke's death his confiscated lands were restored to his widow; and she built the present Palace of Dalkeith, a gloomy-looking three sided erection, in imitation of the Palace of Loo in the Netherlands, designed

by Sir John Vanbrugh. Here she lived in almost regal splendour till her death at the age of eighty-one. She was buried in the aisle of Dalkeith Chapel.

Dalkeith Palace is one of the favourite pilgrimages of the Scottish tourist : Twice a week, during the absence of the present Duke's family, the grounds, the Palace, and the picture-galleries, are thrown open to visitors. The Palace stands on a slightly rising ground between the two rivers. In front of it a fine lawn stretches almost down to the banks of the wooded South Esk. At the back of the Palace, in a deeper channel, seen from the terraces above, flows the North Esk. Both wind through the grounds towards the sea, and between the two the land is laid out in deer park, in hay fields, and in farms. Herds of horned deer lie breast-deep in the long grass of the park, their ears alert at the most distant sound, and their mild bright eyes raised to scan the passing pedestrian.

About a mile below the Palace, the two Esks at last converge, the meeting-point being hidden from the road above by the mass of foliage on the banks. At this point, however, a path winds down among the tangle to the water edge ; and from a rustic seat under a rock the 'meeting of the waters' may be seen. And now the Esk proper, larger and fuller than before, flows on in its rocky bed, with only three miles between it and the blue Firth of Forth.

INVERESK TO MUSSELBURGH.

For these three miles the river flows through the parish of Inveresk, the site of a great Roman settlement or *municipium*, remains of which have from time to time been discovered in its soil. Bath-houses, altars, and sepulchres have been excavated in the neighbourhood of Inveresk hill, with coins, pots of fire-clay earthenware, and wreath-ornamented urns. Inveresk ploughshares have been known to strike against Roman pavements in the fields ; and the corn has died from being sown upon a substratum of Roman cement. In this parish, on the right bank of the Esk, is the field of the Battle of Pinkie. When the news came from the Border that the Protector Somerset was approaching at the head of 14,000 men to extort a marriage between the baby Queen of Scots and young Edward vi., the 'Fiery Cross' was sent out through Scotland, and, in immediate answer to the summons, no fewer than 36,000 Scots assembled around Pinkie. The battle was fought and lost. The English pursued the Scotch in three directions, with great slaughter ; so that 'the dead

bodies lay as thick as a man may notte cattell grasing in a full plenished pasture,' and 'the ryvere ran al red with blood.'¹ At nightfall the English mustered again near Inveresk and gave a shout that the people heard in the streets of Edinburgh. Next morning the English set to work to bury their dead; and, some half-century ago, a great number of the skeletons were excavated at Pinkie-burn. A copsewood has been planted to mark out these rows; and on the spot where the Protector's tent was pitched, on the outskirts of Eskgrove, a memorial pillar stands with this inscription upon it:—

THE PROTECTOR, DUKE OF SOMERSET,
Encamped here, 9th September,
1547.

The marriage between the children of the two realms never took place. Somerset withdrew into England, and the little Mary was shipped off to France. Twenty years elapsed, and once more two hostile forces met on the banks of the Esk, within sight of the battle-field of Pinkie. Mary Stuart and Bothwell, with some 2000 followers, were stationed upon Carberry Hill, while at a little distance, on the other side of a hollow, were ranged the forces of the Confederate Lords, flaunting their banner, on which was painted the figure of a dead man. All through the June day the Lords conferred with Bothwell and the Queen, who, sitting upon a stone, clad in her runaway garb of short jacket and red petticoat, was alternately fierce, tearful, and haughty. Then, as evening was closing in, the Lords made their last proposition, and Mary knew she must submit to it. Bothwell was to go free, and Mary was to be led away captive. She consented, and on the green slope of Carberry Hill they parted for ever. Bothwell rode away upon his horse; and Mary was taken back into Edinburgh, dusty, tear-stained, and desperate, amidst the execrations of the crowd.²

'Cover my face for me :
I cannot heave my hand up to my head ;
Mine arms are broken.—Is he got to horse ?
I do not think one can die more than this.
I did not say farewell.'³

At Musselburgh, the Roman bridge, now preserved in the clutches of strong iron bands, and succeeded, for all rougher traffic, by a broad modern

¹ Patten's *Expedition*: vide Statistical Account.

² Froude's *History of England*, 1866, vol. ix. p. 92.

³ *Bothwell*, by A. C. Swinburne.

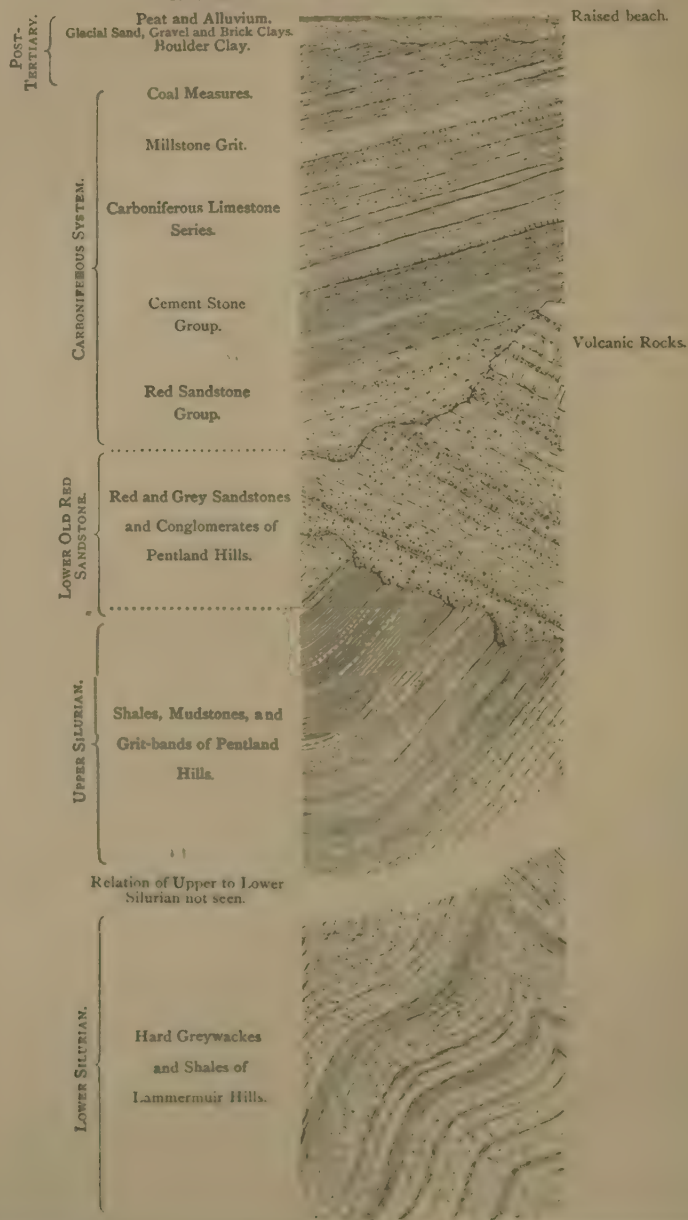
bridge some hundred yards lower down the Esk, was, until modern times, the only means of transit across the river there.

If you would follow the Esk to the very end, you must proceed along the left bank under the trees, and turn leftwards away from the town to the sea-shore, where the little river widens out in its shallow bed and glides almost imperceptibly into the waters of the Forth. A few black crows stalk and peck at the water edge; a flock of white sea-gulls flutter in the air. Fresh-water plants grow on the moist ground, and mussel-shells innumerable are mingled with the stones upon the beach. Out on the Forth gleam the white walls of Inchkeith lighthouse, and there is a white sail in the distance.

We have seen the Esk a 'burnie' and a stream: going briskly over stones, and sleeping sulkily in pools; clear from the hills, and brown and foaming from the mill-wheel. We have seen it winding under the stately walls of Roslin, through the 'woody labyrinth' of Hawthornden, and among the sunlit deer-parks of Dalkeith. And now, as it loses itself in the Forth, we will bid it adieu.



VERTICAL SECTION SHOWING THE SUCCESSION OF GEOLOGICAL FORMATIONS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF EDINBURGH.



OUTLINE OF
THE GEOLOGY OF EDINBURGH
AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY PROFESSOR GEIKIE, LL.D., F.R.S.

FEW parts of the British Islands have been more frequently the subjects of geological description than the district of which Edinburgh forms the centre. From the time when its igneous rocks were studied by Hutton, and made to bear their testimony to the Vulcanist theory of the earth, down to the present day, books, memoirs, and notices have appeared in a continuous stream, until it might be thought that hardly anything more can remain to be said or written on the subject. And yet, as each year passes, new glimpses are opened up into aspects of geology which our fathers never dreamt of, and doubtless, after all the living geologists and writers have passed away, succeeding generations will find the rocks and their story still inexhaustible. But though countless points of detail remain to be worked out, the general outline of the geological history of this region can now be traced with tolerable precision. Such an outline, in language intelligible to the non-scientific reader, is all that can be attempted, or indeed seems desirable, in these pages.

Geological history is at the best confessedly imperfect, even when based upon the evidence drawn from the study of a whole country, or an entire continent, or of the globe itself. Still more fragmentary must it be when it relates only to a limited region. Under the most favourable circumstances it may lack most or all of the introductory chapters; a few scattered pages, as it were, may be all that relate the events of one of the longest and most momentous geological periods; the narrative will suddenly break off in the middle of an interesting epoch, and when it resumes again we find that it deals with a totally different and far more recent series of events. From the

very nature of the materials on which the history is founded, imperfection of this kind cannot but prevail. These materials consist mainly of the sand, mud, and gravel of ancient sea-floors, lake-bottoms, and river-beds, which have been buried under later accumulations, and have been subsequently elevated into land. Seldom did these sediments enclose a tolerably complete record of the plants and animals and the physical changes of the time. Seldom, too, have they remained without suffering much from the forces which have broken them up from below and worn them away above.

It is the task of the geologist to put together the fragmentary evidence to the best of his ability, not attempting to supply blanks where he can find no information, but leaving them to be filled in, if possible, from subsequent research. He is in the habit of arranging the order of events in the past history of the earth under three great divisions of geological time—(1.) Primary or Palæozoic; (2.) Secondary or Mesozoic; (3.) Tertiary or Cainozoic; to which latter a subsidiary section, (4.) Post-Tertiary or Recent, is appended. The fragmentary nature of the materials for unravelling the geological history of the district around the Scottish metropolis may be inferred from the fact that they relate only to some of the later parts of the first, and (with trifling fragments of the third) to some of the more marked events in the fourth of these sections. The Engraving fronting the first page of this paper shows the order and relation of the rocks of the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, as they would appear if we could form a huge pillar of them, having the oldest at the bottom and the youngest at the top.

Let us throw the scattered facts into the form of a narrative, and trace as succinctly as may be the successive changes of which this part of the country has been the scene.

The first picture we can draw is that of the bottom of a sea which seems to have stretched not only over the site of Britain, but over most of Europe, and to have covered also much of what is now land in both hemispheres. The sand, mud, and gravel deposits of that ancient ocean, laid down continuously above each other, layer upon layer, to a depth of many thousand feet, form the materials of which the pastoral hills of the south of Scotland and the mountains and glens of the Highlands are mainly composed. When the visitor to Edinburgh looks south-eastward, he sees as the boundary of the landscape, the blue outline of the chain of heights which stretch from Lammermuir into Peeblesshire. These distant bounding hills are portions of the hardened and upraised sediments of this early sea-bottom. Wandering among them, we observe how the bare rocks come to the surface. We split them open,

leaf upon leaf, and mark how they retain even yet the ripple-mark impressed upon them by the moving water when they were still soft sand and mud. Many a face of the rock is covered with the trails of sea-worms which have left no other traces of their former existence. Were we to judge merely from the scarcity of fossils in these rocks, we might infer that the waters of the sea were not very prolific of life. Yet some of the beds of black and coal-like shale are crowded with remains of *graptolites*—slim grass-like stalks, each with a single or double row of close-fitting cells, in which separate individuals of a simple form of animal life now extinct once lived. These *graptolites*, of which many species have been described, are almost the only fossils found among the Lammermuir and Moorfoot Hills. They are characteristic of that period of geological time to which the name of Silurian has been given.

Before the close of this period, when a depth of many thousand feet of sand, mud, and gravel had been accumulated over the sea-bottom, one of those great changes took place by which the crust of the earth has from time to time been affected. The vast mass of submarine sediment was squeezed and crumpled in such a way that the beds, originally horizontal, came to stand on end, and to be folded over and over like so many piles of carpets. It was this subterranean movement, prolonged probably through a succession of geological ages, which upheaved the mass of land that has been carved into the present Highlands and the uplands of the Southern counties.

But though some parts of the sea-floor were no doubt soon raised into land, and though as the subterranean movements continued the extent of land probably grew in proportion, the same ocean, with many of the same inhabitants, still lay beyond. Here and there, too, it ran in bays and channels into the new land. Its waters in some places teemed with life. Among the Pentland Hills, for example, in the now hardened and broken sediments of its bottom, occur the remains of small sponges, corals, crinoids, trilobites, brachiopods, lamelli-branches, and cephalopods. These fossils are crowded thickly together in certain bands of rock, while in others they occur but rarely. They agree generally with those found in the Ludlow and Wenlock formations of the upper Silurian series of England and Wales.

The underground movements seem to have continued not only to the close of the Silurian period, but far into the next great chapter of geological time—that of the Lower Old Red Sandstone. The sea-bottom over the area of Britain was thereby raised into an irregular mass of land with wide inland seas or lakes, some of which may still have retained a communication with the open ocean. In those enclosed sheets of water the characteristic con-

glomerates and sandstones of the Old Red Sandstone system were elaborated. They seem to have covered a large part of Western Europe, and to have extended eastwards over much of the north of Russia. At the beginning of the Old Red Sandstone period, what is now the northern half of Britain may have been connected with some large continental mass of land, but was certainly covered by wide sheets of water, out of which the high grounds rose as scattered groups of islands. This land too was slowly sinking down, so that the waters encroached more and more upon its shores, from which enormous quantities of gravel and sand were swept away to form the vast piles of conglomerate and sandstone. Some idea may be formed of the extent of this depression, and of the amount of detritus which must have been worn off the land, from the fact that the Old Red Sandstone, even now, after the lapse of so many ages of subsequent decay, is still often 15,000 feet thick, and in the east of Strathmore exceeds even 20,000 feet.

As a rule, the waters in which those deposits were laid down seem to have been rather unfavourable to life, at least organic remains are for the most part scarce, though here and there fishes occur abundantly. In the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh no fossils have yet been met with in the Old Red Sandstone except some traces of plants towards the top. In this district, however, considerable interest belongs to that system, owing to the large masses of volcanic rocks which are imbedded in it. The conglomerates and sandstones constitute the southern end of the Pentland Hills and stretch thence into the counties of Peebles and Lanark. But the main mass of these hills, including also the Braid Hills near Edinburgh, consists of various lavas and tuffs erupted from volcanic vents which continued to be active during a long part of the Lower Old Red Sandstone period. The curious tuff-like masses of the Braid Hills, as well as the thickening of the lavas towards the north, seem to point to one or more chief craters of emission having existed somewhere about the site of the Braid Hills. Owing to the deposit of later formations upon them, we cannot tell how thick these piles of volcanic material may originally have been. But even now, the part which is seen would, if placed in its original position, make a mountain-ridge considerably higher than Ben Nevis. During the time when these Pentland volcanoes were at work there was a prodigious amount of volcanic activity over Scotland. From the ridge of the Highlands enormous streams of lava and showers of dust and stones were thrown into the waters which then spread over the centre of the country. From the high land of the southern uplands there would seem to have been a similar outpouring. Many thousands of feet of volcanic rock

were thus accumulated, which though much obscured and broken by later geological changes, still form some of the most conspicuous hills in the mid-land valley,—the Sidlaws, Ochils, Pentlands, and the chain of hills running from the Pentlands by Tinto, Douglas, Corsincone and Loch Doon, into Ayrshire.

During this prolonged time of volcanic action there seem to have been many local disturbances of level over and above the general subsidence already referred to. The most widespread and important of these took place after the deposition of the Lower Old Red Sandstone. The whole physical geography of the country was changed; a wide interval passed, of which we have in the Edinburgh district no record, and when the next set of strata, those of the so-called Upper Old Red Sandstone, came to be laid down, the sandstones, conglomerates, and lavas of the former inland seas and lakes had been elevated into land. The Upper Old Red Sandstone forms the base of the great Carboniferous System of central Scotland. It consists of red, yellow, white, and greenish sandstones, clays, conglomerates, and occasional limestones. At Edinburgh it forms the ground on which the city is built, from the Castle to Arthur's Seat, whence it stretches southwards along the west flank of the Braid and Pentland Hills, rising in the East and West Cairn Hills to a height of 1839 and 1844 feet above the sea. In this region it has yielded very few fossils. Some plants occasionally occur in the sandstones, and minute crustacea (*Leperditia*) are found in some of the calcareous bands.

Toward the end of the formation of these red strata, volcanic action, which would seem to have been dormant here since the extinction of the Pentland volcanoes, broke out anew. The site of Edinburgh was covered by the ejections of at least one volcanic vent, the rocks of Arthur's Seat, Calton Hill, and Craiglockhart Hill being some of the remaining fragments of these ejections. Probably the rock on which Edinburgh Castle stands may represent the site of one of these volcanic craters. From this time onward the great plain of the Lothians and Fife was dotted over with little active volcanoes, each throwing out a comparatively small amount of dust or lava and then dying out, while fresh successors appeared elsewhere.

Above the red sandstone on which Edinburgh is built lies a great mass of white sandstone and black shales, which spread westward from the Castle and extend northward to Granton and Leith. They seem to have been laid down in an estuary or in some inland sheet of fresh water to which the sea had occasional access. They abound in fossils. The plants include large conifers (like the huge trunks which have from time to time been exhumed from the sand-

stone quarries of Craigleith and Granton), several species of *Lepidodendron* and some characteristic ferns, particularly the *Sphenopteris affinis* and *Adiantides Lindseæformis*, and other forms. Some of the shales are charged with *cutomotraca* (*Leperditia Scoto-Burdigalensis*) and the scales, teeth, bones, and coprolites of ganoid fishes such as *Paleoniscus*, *Eurynotus*, *Megalichthys*, and *Rhizodus*. The marine intercalations are indicated by the presence of such forms as *Spirorbis*, *Lingula*, *Schizodus*, *Myalina*, *Bellerophon*, and *Orthoceras*. Some of the individual strata of this series are well known, either from their geological or industrial interest. Thus the Burdiehouse limestone, long quarried about four miles south from Edinburgh, is formed apparently from the aggregation of the cases of little crustacea, chiefly of the genus *Leperditia*, and has yielded a large number of well-preserved plants and fishes. The ironstone nodules of the Wardie beach are likewise noted for their fossil remains. The sandstones of Craigleith, Granton, Redhall, Humbie, and Binny have supplied the best building-stones in this part of Scotland. More recently some of the highly carbonaceous shales have been turned to account as profitable sources of mineral oil.

Next in order comes the Carboniferous Limestone series, which in the Mid-Lothian coal-field attains a thickness of 1220 feet. It consists chiefly of sandstone and shales, with some bands of marine limestone and many valuable seams of coal. Like the rest of this formation in Scotland, it was formed in wide shallow lagoons, which at one time were covered with vegetation as the mangrove swamps of the tropics now are, and at another, owing to the subsidence of the ground, were submerged beneath salt water in which characteristic marine forms of life abounded. The former condition is represented by the coal-seams which consist of the compressed and mineralised vegetation that grew upon the spot; the latter by the seams of limestone, full of crinoids, corals, and brachiopods. Spines of various shark-like fishes, as well as scales and teeth of others like the bony pike of the North American lakes, occur actually on some of the coal-seams, one seam in particular being marked by such an abundance of fish remains as to form a kind of 'bone-bed.' The plants include the usual Carboniferous genera, as *Lepidodendron*, *Sigillaria*, *Calamites*, *Cordaites*, *Sphenopteris*, *Pecopteris*, etc.

The lower limestones are thickest. They may be seen at Gilmerton, and, still better, at the great quarries of Cousland, Darcy, and Crichton. Their fossils agree with those of the true 'Mountain Limestone' of the centre and northern English counties. The coal-seams form what is known locally as the 'Edge-coal' series, from the fact that owing to a large dislocation which

flanks the eastern side of the Pentland Hills, they have been thrown nearly on edge from Portobello southward by Edmonston, Gilmerton, Loanhead, Penicuik, and Brunston. Some thin bands of limestone with dwarf marine fossils overlie these coals. One of them is well exposed at the Joppa quarry.

Overlying this limestone series there is found a great mass of coarse sandstone and fine conglomerate, often red in colour, and known locally as the Roslin sandstone or Moor-rock. It attains a depth of 340 feet, and is believed to be the equivalent of the millstone grit of the English series. It forms the sides of the romantic ravine of the Esk between Roslin and Lasswade.

Next in order comes the highest section of the Carboniferous system, known as the Coal-Measures. It consists of sandstones, shales, fireclays, and coal-seams, and in the Mid-Lothian basin attains a thickness of 1590 feet. It seems to have been formed under circumstances not unlike those in which the Edge-coal series was laid down, with the exception that the marine limestones were not formed. The swamps were from time to time densely covered with vegetation, which, though generally agreeing with that of the older series, differs considerably in many of its species. These thick matted accumulations of vegetation form now the seams of coal, while the sandy and clayey strata between them represent the sediment laid down upon the submerged forests as each of these was successively carried down beneath the water.

At this part of the history we come upon the greatest hiatus in the geological records of the district. A vast series of ages passed away, during which the physical geography of the area of Britain went through many vicissitudes, and the plants and animals alike of land and sea were completely changed. Yet of these events no geological memorial has been preserved at Edinburgh. We know from evidence elsewhere existing that long after our coal-fields were formed some of them were pierced by volcanoes. Those of Ayrshire, Lanarkshire, and Fife suffered in this way. Probably the upper part of Arthur's Seat belongs to that period of volcanic activity. At a far later, though still remote, time, a renewed outburst of the subterranean forces gave rise to the vast basaltic plateaux of Antrim, Mull, Eigg, Skye, and the Faroe Islands. When these western vents were still busy pouring out their masses of lava, the country, by some process as yet little understood, came to be cracked across in innumerable places, the fissures having on the whole an east and west trend, and increasing in number toward the volcanic district of Antrim and the Hebrides. Into these fissures the basalt from below rose, filling them and forming the long wall-like masses known as *dikes*. Several of these dikes occur at or near Edinburgh. Some are now concealed by the streets of the city. One

traverses the coal-field near Niddry, while two very conspicuous examples run across the Carboniferous Limestone series near Prestongrange and Long-niddry.

Another great gap, for the filling up of which no evidence exists in this part of the country, separates these volcanic rocks from the next geological events in our chronicle—those of the Ice Age. The neighbourhood of Edinburgh will always bear a special interest in regard to this part of geology, from the fact that it was here Sir James Hall observed and described those ‘dressed’ rock-surfaces which are now everywhere acknowledged to be due to the grinding action of ice. They are to be seen on the west slope of Corstorphine Hill, on the top of the southern part of Salisbury Crags, on the sandstone at Joppa salt-pans, on the porphyrite at Blackford Quarry, on the top of Allermuir Hill, one of the Pentlands, at a height of 1617 feet, and in many other places. The general direction of the striæ and groovings is a little to the north of east, indicating that the mass of ice which produced these markings moved seawards along the line of the valley of the Firth of Forth. The rocks of the neighbourhood of Edinburgh pass beneath masses of glacial drift—the product of the glaciers, icebergs, and seas of the glacial period. At the bottom of these deposits lies the boulder clay or till—a stiff dark-blue clay stuck full of stones of all sizes, up to blocks of a yard in diameter. Many of these are well smoothed, and striated like the surfaces of the solid rocks underneath. On examination it is found that the majority of them are of local derivation, that some have come from distances of ten or fifteen miles to the west, a smaller proportion from western hills twenty or thirty miles away, while a very small number have travelled from the Highland mountains. Thus the stones corroborate the testimony of the striæ on the rocks, that the general ice-movement was here from the west. The gradual deflection to east-by-north was evidently due to the influence of the shape and direction of the great valley upon the march of the ice.

While the lower parts of the boulder-clay appear to have been formed under a huge sheet of land-ice moving steadily across the country, like the enormous ice-mantle of Greenland, the upper parts of the deposit suggest that they may have originated to some extent in the sea, either under the solid ice or under the broken bergs which flanked the long front of the ice-sheet. They contain larger blocks than the lower parts of the till, and these are often arranged in rude lines.

The boulder-clay, as might be expected, is singularly destitute of fossils. To the west of Edinburgh, when the Union Canal was being cut, a well

preserved tusk of the mammoth—an extinct hairy elephant—was disinterred from the deposit.

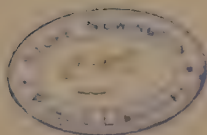
Above the till lie accumulations of sand and gravel, sometimes forming the remarkable ridges known in Scotland as Kames. Good examples may be seen between Burdiehouse and Lothianburn. Towards the sea-margin, deposits of fine laminated clay occur, sometimes curiously contorted, as if from the stranding of heavy icebergs when these clays were under the sea. Foraminifera and marine shells occur in the clays, together, sometimes with quantities of drift-wood. The brick-pits of Portobello afford good sections of these latest members of the glacial drift series of this neighbourhood.

At the close of the Ice Age our land was not so much out of water as it is now. It has since then been pushed up several times, the intervals of rest between these upheavals being marked by the lines of terrace known as Raised Beaches. The most marked of these lines near Edinburgh is the twenty-five foot terrace which forms a noticeable feature of the coast-line. It is well seen between Granton and Newhaven, and again between Leith and Joppa. When the level terrace is dug up it is found to consist of layers of gravel and sand like the deposits of the present beach, often with abundant shore-shells of the common species. Here and there, as between Leith and Portobello, the inner edge of the terrace is marked by a line of bluff or cliff. This represents the bank against which the waves beat when the terrace was formed.

These deposits, together with the accumulations of peat and marl by which former lakes, like those once covering the Meadows, have been filled up, close the long geological record, and bring us into the time of the human occupation, where the stone hatchet, flint arrowhead, and rude canoe are fossils claimed alike by the geologist and the antiquary.



NEWHAVEN TIER





VIEW FROM ABOVE DUNSAPPYR LOCH

The market cross of Edinburgh, as restored by the liberality of Mr. Gladstone, as a present to the city in memory of his connection with Midlothian, was unveiled on Monday with much ceremony. The last cross of Edinburgh was built in 1617, and was demolished in 1756, "for the horrid crime of being an encumbrance to the street." But there was a much older cross, dating as far back in the burgh records as 1477, and thirty years earlier in the record of St. Giles. The new cross, which has been designed by Mr. Sydney Mitchell, architect, is modelled on the cross of 1617. It consists of an octagonal tower 15ft. high and 16ft. in diameter at base and top. From the platform on the top of the tower, reached by a stair within it, there rises the "long stone," which gives the building its distinctive character. It is the same stone which surmounted the cross demolished in 1756, and there is good reason to believe that it is the same stone which stood on the older cross—that, in fact, it dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. On the summit of the "long stone" is a unicorn, which at one time bore aloft a cross—the only real cruciform emblem in the whole structure. In the course of his speech Mr. Gladstone said:—"I rejoice for many reasons in having been instrumental in the restoration of your Market Cross. The renewal and revival of my own personal connection with Scotland had made a deep impression upon my heart, and it was with me an object of legitimate desire that, if possible—and, if possible, in the manner agreeable to all and wholly detached from the narrower associations of political party—some visible and tangible record of that revival and connection should subsist. . . . For my own part, apart from all other satisfactions, I am bound to say that there is no conceivable occurrence in the course of human life which conveys to me a more lively pleasure than to have had any share, great or small, in fulfilling a wish that lay near the heart of Sir Walter Scott. For though I am not able to subscribe to every article of the creed of that great man in relation to modern occurrences, there is no man, be his political complexion what it may, who entertains a more living and more profound sense than I do of the enormous work done by him for Scotland—of his splendid literary eminence, and of the immeasurable debt he has laid upon every Scotchman to cherish his name and memory." After the ceremony the dissolution of Parliament was proclaimed from the Cross by heralds and pursuivants with all pomp and ceremony.

